

A Complete Story by Max Adler:
"The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster,"

The LEISURE HOUR



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(Photo by Russell & Sons.)



All rights reserved

MARCH 1902

56 PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON, E.C.

SIXPENCE



**An
Artistic
Wall Covering.**

HALL'S SANITARY WASHABLE DISTEMPER is rapidly superseding wall papers in all tastefully furnished homes. It is made in 60 artistic tints, and only requires the addition of water to make it ready for use. It is quickly and easily applied with a whitewash brush, with half the labour and at one third the cost of paint.

PERFECTION IN DISTEMPER is attained in Hall's Sanitary Washable Distemper, because it is unaffected by light, heat or damp, and consequently retains its colour, does not crack or peel off, and is washable.

HALL'S DISTEMPER ensures cleanliness, and is pleasing to the eye. It appeals alike to artistic and practical house decoration.

Write for sample, shade card, and full particulars to the Sole Manufacturers:—

**SISSONS
Bros. & Co.,
LTD.,
HULL.**



THE MOST NUTRITIOUS
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

**DON'T COUGH USE
KEATING'S LOZENGES
FOR YOUR COUGH.**

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU, "there is no better Cough Medicine"—One gives relief: If you suffer from cough try them but once: they will cure, and they will not injure your health: an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 134d. tins.

**CURES
COUGH**

**HAVE YOU A COUGH
or TAKEN COLD?**

**STOPS
COLD**

**SAFE FOR
CHILDREN**

**HAYMAN'S
USED PROMPTLY
BALSAM**

**CASH PRICES
93d., 1s., 2s. 6d.**

**STOPS
COLD**

**WILL RELIEVE
AND CURE.**

Invaluable to Nursery

**CURES
COUGH**

**JEWSBURY
& BROWN'S
ORIENTAL
TOOTH PASTE**

For nearly a Century the
Approved Dentifrice.
World-wide Sale.
Pots, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.



LOST!
 (From the Picture by H. Matisse in the Luxembourg Gallery)

T
 po
 wh
 ha
 or
 ref
 ha
 a n
 ha
 eye
 see
 old
 ref
 ha
 co
 hea
 's
 as
 wa
 im
 's
 for
 's
 hin
 cur
 frig
 kno
 suc
 fun
 's
 left
 cha
 his
 clo
 's
 op
 tha
 I v
 but
 the
 so
 's
 up
 we
 ste
 the
 ang
 in
 by
 obs

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster¹

BY MAX ADELER

THE man whose chair was next to mine on the deck of the steamer *Arcturus* as she speeded toward Liverpool, had never been inclined to talk freely when we found ourselves together. He had responded with politeness if a word or two had been addressed to him, but had refrained from saying anything that would have led to further conversation. He was a man of pleasing appearance, with brown hair and beard, and with kindly brown eyes looking through gold spectacles. He seemed to me to be about thirty-five years old, and his face made an impression of refinement and intelligence. I should have thought him, at a glance, a man who could talk agreeably and with profit to his hearer.

The sea was rough one afternoon, and as we sat side by side watching the tossing waves and the rolling of the ship, I was impelled to say to him:

"I wonder if there really is any remedy for sea-sickness?"

He started, almost as if I had struck him. Half raising himself from his recumbent position, he looked at me in a frightened way, and I, thoughtlessly, not knowing precisely what to do or say in such a queer, unexpected situation, asked further:

"You don't know of one, do you?"

Instead of making answer, the colour left his face and he struggled out of his chair and his wraps and dashed toward his deck state-room, which he entered, closing the door.

Of course I thought my words had operated upon his mind by suggestion so that he had felt sea-sickness coming on. I was sorry I had alluded to the matter, but I considered that he would have had the attack at any rate, sooner or later, and so I could not feel very culpable.

But an hour afterward I saw him again upon the deck, appearing to be perfectly well, and in a few moments the deck-steward came and removed his chair to the other side of the steamer. Then I felt angry; and I resolved to try to discover in what manner I had given offence to him by making what seemed to be an inoffensive observation.

For two days he evaded me, but on the third day I found him hidden in a corner of the smoking-room; I looked him in the face, and said to him:

"I am sorry if I offended you by what I said the other day. Of course, you know, I had no idea that my remark would be disagreeable."

His eyes were cast downward for a moment and he hesitated to reply. Then he said:

"It was not disagreeable, I assure you. Not that, but——"

Then he stopped and looked again at the table.

I was about to turn away, when he raised his hand with an appealing gesture, and said:

"You simply frightened me."

"I did! I frightened you? I don't at all understand."

"How could you?" he replied, with a faint smile. "My conduct must have seemed very strange and rude. I should like——" he said, and then his voice and his eyes dropped, and a few seconds elapsed before he spoke again. "I should like to explain the matter to you—to tell you my story, if you would care to hear it, and if you would accept it in confidence."

I could not refuse his offer. Besides, my curiosity was strongly aroused. He invited me into the parlour adjoining his state-room, and when he had locked the door and both of us were seated, he said:

"My name is John P. Tadcaster, and I am the victim of misfortune; the most strange and dreadful misfortune. I am, in every fibre of my nature, a truthful man; but as you look at me sitting here, I am incarnate falsehood; yes, a living, walking, miserable mass of deception."

He placed his elbows upon the little table and covered his face with his hands. I thought he would fall to weeping. Recovering himself, he said:

"About a year ago I made up my mind to learn the Spanish language, with the notion that I could enter the consular service of the United States and obtain appointment to one of the South American stations. That I might concentrate my attention upon this study and get away

¹ Copyright in United States of America, 1902, by Charles Heber Clark.

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

from all business and social diversion, I went up to the little town of Borax, in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania. Borax, you may know, but probably you don't know, is away off in the mountains among the hemlock forests, and is really almost as much apart from civilisation as if it were in the wilds of Oregon. The people are simple-minded, and usually ignorant, and yet many of them are quite well off—the hemlock-bark industry having brought no little money to the town and the neighbourhood. Borax has a fairly good hotel, and I had secured a suite of rooms on the second floor, looking right out over the tiny lake. It was an ideal place for study.

"The stage that brought me from the railway station, eleven miles away, reached Borax at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. As I stepped from the stage, in front of the hotel, and was about to direct the host to care for my trunk, a man rushed up to me in a condition of excitement and asked:

"'Are you a doctor?'

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"That was a fatal response. Why did I not simply say No, and turn away? Alas! if we could foresee the consequences of our words and actions! The man at once concluded that I was a physician, and seizing my arm he hurried me around the corner to the porch of a house where a crowd was collected. We pushed through the people, and gaining the porch, I found a boy of fourteen lying upon the floor with a gash in his head and with his face very pale.

"'He fell off of the porch roof, doctor,' said one of the bystanders, addressing me, 'and cut his head and broke his leg.'

"'Why don't you send for a doctor?' I asked. 'You have a doctor in Borax?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'Dr. Bowser; but he went down to Harrisburg yesterday and won't be home till Monday.'

"Without saying more, I had the blood washed from the boy's head, and the hair clipped away, and then I drew the slight cut together and fastened it with some court-plaster. Then I felt the boy's leg. I know absolutely nothing about such things, and the leg did not seem to me to be broken. But the boy said it was, and all his friends and all the bystanders said it was, and who was I to disregard such testimony? I sent for two shingles and muslin and tied the leg up in splints as

well as I could. I am apt to be feverish when I go into a new country, so I always carry quinine pills with me and I never leave home without paregoric. I felt somewhat uneasy about the boy when the leg was bandaged, and I had an impulse to go to the very end of my resources so as to give him all the chances that were within reach. I gave him two quinine pills and a teaspoonful of paregoric, and had him carried home on a plank and put to bed.

"Really, I thought no more about the boy, but turned at once to my studies.

"On Sunday morning, just as I had finished breakfast, Andrews, the landlord, told me that some of my friends wished to see me on the hotel porch. I went out, and there was the wounded boy, and Dr. Bowser (who had returned a day sooner than he had expected), and half the people in Borax. Three rousing cheers greeted me as I came through the doorway. The boy rushed up and threw his arms about me; his mother kissed me; the man who had called me to the case cried vehemently, 'Hurrah for doc!' while Dr. Bowser seized my hand and said:

"'Wonderful, doctor, wonderful! I never saw a cure like it! A broken leg knit and well and sound in four days! Amazing! I congratulate you! If you're going to stay in Borax I might as well quit!'

"I hardly knew what to say, but I was resolved to have no misunderstanding of my position, so I exclaimed:

"'Gentlemen, I am no physician. I assure you I never opened a medical book in my life. I don't know one bone from another.'

"A perfect howl of derisive laughter expressive of unbelief arose from the crowd. Everybody thought my protest just a bit of fun, or else the impression was that I had resolved to pretend ignorance so that I could have rest while I stayed at Borax.

"Dr. Bowser laughed more heartily than any of the other Boracians, and, taking me by the hand, he said, 'It's of no use, doctor. Skill like that can't be disguised. It was masterly.'

"'I don't believe the boy's leg was really broken,' I said.

"'Yes, it was, doc,' shouted at least a dozen men in the crowd, addressing their answer to Doctor Bowser. 'I seen it as limp as a wet towel,' said the man who

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

first summoned me to take the case. 'The leg was broken all to flinders; you could fold it like a two-foot rule.'

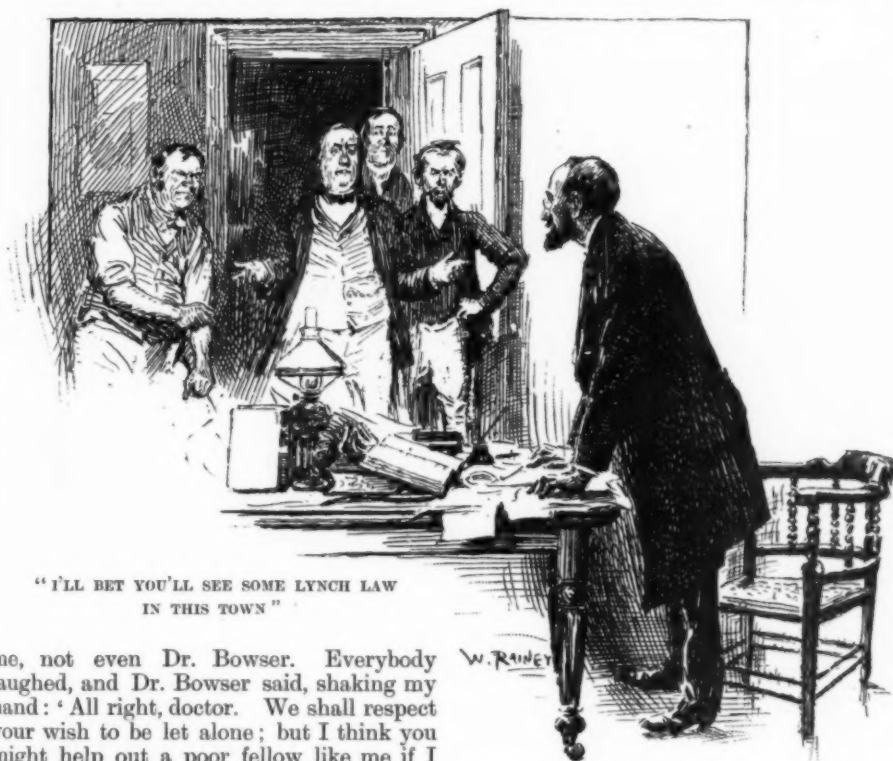
"Gentlemen!" I said, 'I have come here to study. I am no doctor. I am in blind, blank ignorance of the whole business. I thank you for your kind behaviour and your good wishes, but I ask as a favour that you will believe me and will not attempt again while I am in Borax to call me to a case of illness.'

"I could perceive that nobody believed

upon my chamber-door, and when I opened it she said: 'Doctor, my little girl seems quite ill. Won't you come down-stairs and look at her?'

"I had admired this child, and more than once had taken her upon my knee and fondled her. I said to the mother, 'Mrs. Andrews, I am very, very sorry, but I am not a physician, and it would not be right for me to treat Mary. Why don't you call for Dr. Bowser?'

"He has gone across the mountain,'



"I'LL BET YOU'LL SEE SOME LYNCH LAW
IN THIS TOWN"

me, not even Dr. Bowser. Everybody laughed, and Dr. Bowser said, shaking my hand: 'All right, doctor. We shall respect your wish to be let alone; but I think you might help out a poor fellow like me if I get into a tight place.'

"I withdrew to my room. Well, well indeed, had it been for me if I had taken the stage on Monday morning and for ever fled from Borax!

"For ten days I had peace, and in the quiet of that lovely neighbourhood, in the bracing mountain air, I felt that I could conquer any branch of learning. I made wonderful headway with my Spanish, and really the incident to which I have referred had almost passed from my mind.

"But one day Mrs. Andrews, the wife of the man who kept the hotel, knocked

she answered, 'and cannot get back until to-morrow. Please, please come and see Mary. I'm afraid she is very sick.'

"Mrs. Andrews, I said, 'if I could help her I should be glad to go, but I cannot. It would be wrong for me to attend her, I might do serious injury.'

"Mrs. Andrews looked at me with disbelief plainly depicted upon her countenance, and then she began to cry. Imagine my feelings! To have a mother, a respectable woman, regard me as a hard-hearted brute who would not move a step to save

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

the life of her darling little one! You can guess what I suffered. I did not know what more to say, and Mrs. Andrews, with her apron to her face, turned away. I could hear her sobbing all the way downstairs. Then plainly I heard her relate to her husband, in a broken, tearful voice, how I had refused to see the child.

"Andrews was angry. He applied to me several revolting expressions; and three or four men who were sitting in the hotel office indicated that they entered fully into the view he took of me.

"'I'll go up and see him,' I heard Andrews say. He came up hurriedly, and three of his friends came with him. His tone lost some of its severity as he presented himself to me.

"'Doctor,' he began.

"'Not doctor, if you please, Mr. Andrews; I am not a physician.'

"'That kind of thing is all very well, doctor,' he replied, 'when there's nothin' the matter. Ef you want to hide or keep a secret I'm willin' to help you; but I put it to you as between man and man, is it fair to let a poor little innocent baby suffer because you are up to somethin'? Hang me ef I think it is.'

"'Try the man who keeps the drug store,' I said.

"'Try no man in no drug store!' he answered with scorn and anger. 'Not while a big city doctor's in this yer very house. I guess not! Now, will you come and cure that child or won't you come? That's what I want to know. If she dies her blood 'll be on your head.'

"'Yes,' exclaimed Fullerton the butcher, who had come up-stairs with Andrews, 'and there'll be more blood too. I'll bet you'll see some lynch law in this town.'

"'I'll get the rope myself,' added Burns, the tax-collector. 'See ef I don't.'

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'on my word of honour I am not a physician, and in my ignorance I may do the child grave harm, but, as you will persist in refusing to believe what I say, I suppose I must see the child. Lead me to her.'

"The poor little one had a high fever and her face was crimson. I hadn't the least idea what to do. To save my life I couldn't remember any of the medicines commonly given to fever patients. But I took out my paregoric bottle, put six drops in a spoon with water and chipped a fragment from a quinine pill, and gave it to

the child. Then I told her mother to give her as much very cold water as she wanted.

"That was at two o'clock in the afternoon. I went out for my usual walk down the ravine through which the lake found its outlet. The day was so pleasant that I took my book with me and sat for two or three hours by the stream studying. I heard the supper-bell ringing as I approached the hotel; but nobody was in the dining-room. There upon the porch stood Mrs. Andrews smiling and holding in her arms the child, from whom every particle of fever had fled, and Andrews and Fullerton and Burns and the waitress and the bar-tender and the stableman were there with her.

"They gave a shout as I appeared, and Andrews, coming toward me and clasping my hand, said:

"'Doctor, I don't understand your way of behavin', but sure and certain you've got hold of doctorin' by the right end; the baby's well.'

"'Well?' I exclaimed.

"'Perfectly,' said Mrs. Andrews. 'The fever stopped ten minutes after you gave her that wonderful medicine. Feel her pulse.'

"'I couldn't tell anything about it,' I said, 'if I should feel her pulse. It was the cold water that cured her.'

"Everybody, from Andrews down to the stableman, roared with laughter, and then Andrews said:

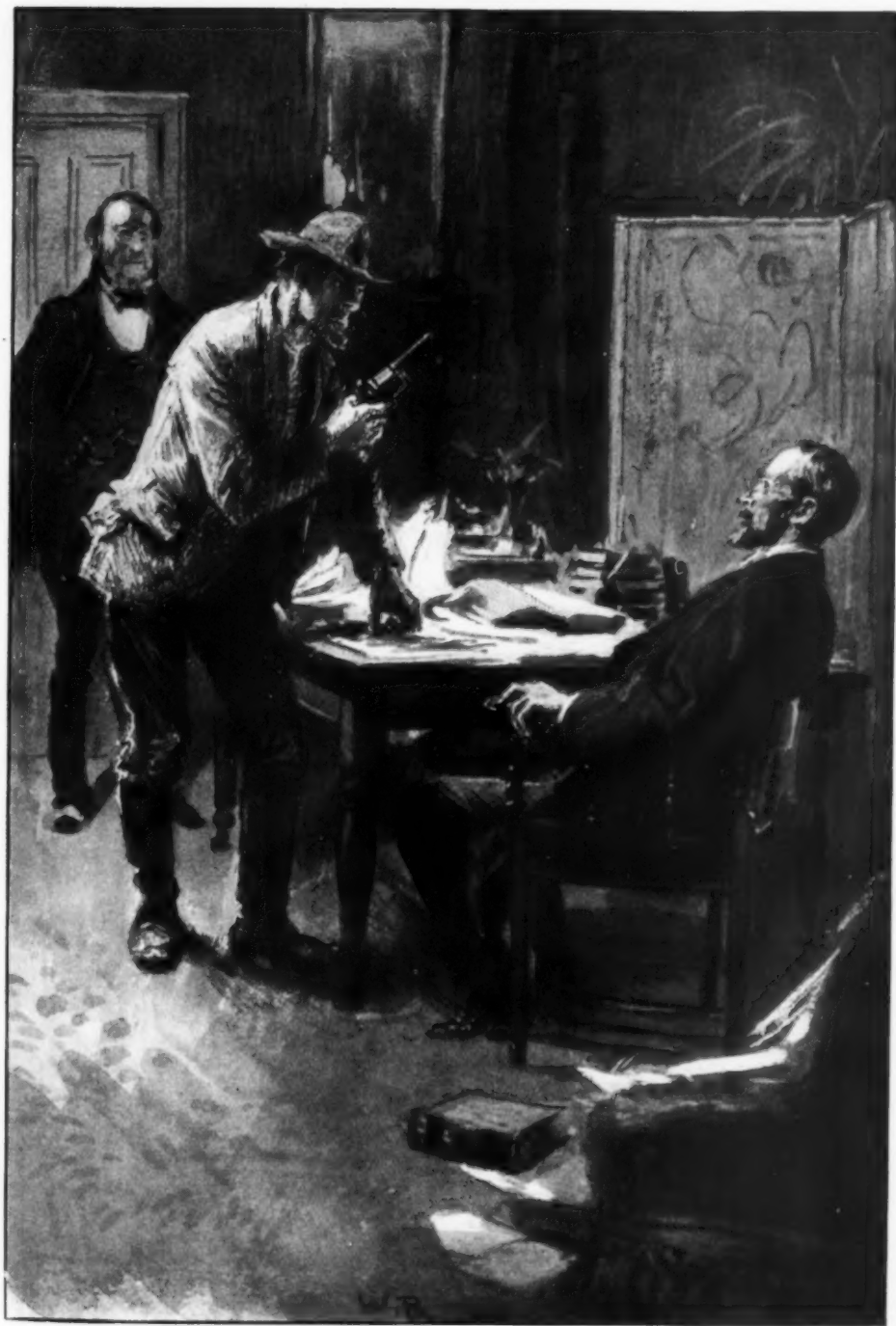
"'Doctor, I don't care how queer you behave, all I got to say is that you kin stay in this yer house board free s' long as you've a mind to. It's magic!'

"'He's just a Great Natural Healer,' said Burns.

"I had to kiss the child, who certainly looked well, and then we passed into the supper-room.

"Borax fairly rang with the report of this marvellous cure, and the hotel office was crowded all the evening with people who discussed it. My popularity was so great that I could not venture out upon the porch without having a dozen or two men coming up to have the honour of shaking hands with me.

"On the next Saturday night while I was standing in the office the stage drove up and a woman got out and called for some one to help her boy to descend. The boy was about twelve years old, and he was so ill that Andrews had to carry him into the house.



"AND HERE'S A PISTOL 'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT"

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

"Here's another chance for you, doctor," the landlord said as he passed me.
"No," I answered, "if the boy's sick send for Dr. Bowser."

"The mother, Mrs. Collins, was quite willing to do so, but of course Bowser was away; he was always away; and so, unless I wanted to be regarded as an inhuman monster, I simply *had* to go to attend the patient. From the way Geordie (they called him Geordie) looked I was sure he would be dead before morning anyhow, and though I hadn't the least notion whether his malady was typhoid fever or measles, I gave him one quinine pill and a teaspoonful of paregoric, as usual. Can you blame me? What would you have done? They were the only medicines I knew about, and I thought they were harmless.

"You will hardly believe me, but after leaving the boy I hadn't got to the bottom of the stairs before I heard exclamations of joy, and—well, to make the story short, Geordie sat up in half-an-hour, and at dinner next day he ate enough to satisfy three ordinary boys. I never knew whether he had over-eaten himself or was just shamming. Anyhow, Dr. Bowser came round that same evening, and asked me to go with him to his office.

"When we got there, he offered me a cigar and said:

"Do you know you've got all Sullivan County wild about you? The cure of that Collins boy yesterday was the most wonderful thing I ever saw."

"The boy, he said, had some frightful malady—I never could remember the names of those things, and Bowser said he'd as soon think of trying to cure the worst case of leprosy.

"Old man," he said, "what is your secret? Haven't any? Why, it's almost supernatural! If I had your power I'd soon be the richest man in the county. I wish you'd go into partnership with me."

"Again, with deep solemnity of manner, I explained to Bowser that he and his neighbours were mistaken, that I had never studied medicine.

"O come now," he said, with a smile. "You can't keep that up with me. What is your full name?"

"John P. Tadcaster," I said.

"Just so," answered Dr. Bowser, blithely rising and taking from the mantel a Physicians' Directory. Turning over the leaves he handed the book to me and

pointed to a name on one of the pages. Will you believe me? There was the name of John P. Tadcaster, and the information that he graduated from the Medical School of the University of Susquehanna in 1884.

"So it's of no use," said Bowser, "to try to hide the facts any longer," and he laughed.

"I made up my mind then and there that I should leave Borax at the end of the week. I had supposed that there was not another John P. Tadcaster on the rolling globe, and I knew it would be useless now to try to induce the people of Borax to believe the truth.

"The next day Andrews came up to my room while I was in the midst of hard study, and said there was a man down-stairs who wanted to see me. I refused to be seen, but in fact the impudent fellow was standing behind Andrews, and he pushed right into the room and shut the door behind him, locking it.

"My wife," he said, "has blood-pisnin', and I want you to cure her."

"I wish you would go away," I said angrily. "Call Dr. Bowser. How dare you come into my room in this manner and tell me what you want?"

"Never mind about no Bowser," he answered. "Never mind about him or no other doctor. My wife's like to die, and I'll have you or nobody. I know your tricks, and I'm ready for you."

"Tricks," I said, "tricks, you villain!"

"Well, call 'em what you've a mind to, I don't care. Only I'll stand no foolin'. You write me out a perscription and there's five dollars, and here's a pistol 'll blow your brains out ef you don't do it," and he actually presented a revolver to my head.

"Consider now, my friend, the situation I was in! I didn't know if the ruffian was insane. It was hardly an occasion for tranquil reflection. I took up a pen, and first writing a vigorous protest which I proposed to lodge with Andrews lest I should be prosecuted for malpractice, I dashed off the following pretended prescription and handed it to the man:

R De gusti bus
Non es t
Disputam- clum

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

In other words, *De gustibus non est disputandum*. My handwriting is so crabbed that the thing really looked a little like a prescription. The man took it and laid upon my table five dollars, which I crumpled up into a pellet and flung at his head. He went away.

"That night I went over to Perkins's drug store and found the clerk there alone.

"Was there a man in here to-day," I asked, "with a prescription written by me?"

"Yes, doctor," he said.

"What Mrs. McGuire?"

"The woman you wrote the prescription for. She is going to a picnic in the morning. Says she never felt so well in her life. McGuire says you're the doctor for his money, 's' long 's you stay here.'

"Well, I went back to my studies hoping that I had heard the last of this nonsense; but I might have known better. Really it is wonderful how swiftly rumour flies in a country like that, where there are no newspapers to carry information. Within



HE GAVE A HOWL OF DELIGHT

"What did you do with it?"

"Filled it, of course."

"Filled it! You didn't try to fill it, did you?"

"Why, certainly," said the youth, smiling. "That's what prescriptions are for, isn't it?"

"I sat down upon the chair by the soda-fountain. I felt faint.

"Were there any poisons in the medicine?" I asked.

"You ought to know," he said. "Two or three, I think; but not enough to kill. But, anyhow, what's the odds? Mrs. McGuire is well."

a week invalids flocked to Borax in such numbers that two more stages were put upon the line, and Andrews hadn't a vacant room in his house. He began to draw plans for a new wing, and I could not move from my room without being solicited to perform a cure.

"One scoundrel, from Purgatory Springs, hobbled about after me on crutches, and insisted upon telling me that he had been crippled for twenty years and had taken tons of medicine. I evaded him for several days; but one morning he caught me as I went into the office for my mail, and he

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

asked me if I wouldn't just put my hand on his lame leg above the knee. I was born good-natured, and like a fool I granted his request. A moment later he gave a howl of delight, tossed his crutches over in the corner, and began to taper about the room. Then he projected himself at me with a manifest purpose to embrace me, but I dodged him, flew up-stairs, and locked myself in my room.

"Do you suppose that man had really been lame? I don't know. I doubt it. I had my suspicions of Andrews at the time, but how could I prove anything?"

"However, I made up my mind to leave Borax, and I notified Andrews to retain a seat in the stage for me on the following Saturday. But he did not do it. I could never find out exactly how the thing was worked, but you could see with your own eyes three stages arrive at Borax every afternoon, and nobody ever saw one go away. Conspiracy, you say? Very likely. And so I sent out and tried to hire a wagon to take me away, but there was not a man in the neighbourhood who would consent to perform the service for me.

"I resolved that I would leave if I had to walk, but I did dislike to make the journey on foot, over bad mountain roads, and then I could not bring myself easily to consent to abandon my trunk.

"That woman Collins and her boy still remained at the hotel, and Mrs. Collins used to look at me in a most trying manner while we sat at the table in the dining-room. I couldn't make her out for a while. She looked stupid, but for all I could tell she might develop low cunning. Anyhow, I merely nodded to her as we passed, treating her with coldness; perhaps with disdain.

"On the Saturday I had arranged to leave Borax, I was sitting in my room trying to learn a Spanish vocabulary, when I heard a woman's screams. For a moment I was startled, but I have presence of mind, so I checked my curiosity and merely looked the door.

"For an hour or more there was hubbub and excitement down-stairs, but I remained calm. Then there was a knock upon the door. I did not answer. Then I heard Doctor Bowser's voice calling me. I unlocked the door and opened it a crack.

"'Busy, are you?' asked Bowser.

"'Yes, very busy. What's the matter?'

"'Oh, nothing; nothing much. Only I

thought you might care to know that poor little Geordie Collins has passed away.'

"'Dead?'

"'Dead. He dropped right over out by the pump just after eating some damson plums, and life was extinct before I could get to him.'

"'Is the boy really dead?' I asked.

"'Absolutely and conclusively dead,' said Bowser solemnly and with strong emphasis. 'I think I ought to know when a boy is dead, oughtn't I? I'm no great doctor like you, but I'm not just a mere chump. I tell you the boy breathed his last at 9.34 this very morning.'

"I am sure that I am not a cruel man, or a hard-hearted man, I am not even ungenerous; but (I am half ashamed to tell it) a feeling of deep, pure joy thrilled my soul when I learned that Geordie was beyond my reach. Under the circumstances it would have been indecent, would it not, in spite of my repugnance for his mother, if I had refrained from every manifestation of feeling? I went down-stairs with Bowser, who seemed to be crying. Do I doubt that he was crying? I can hardly tell. But, anyhow, there in the parlour lay poor Geordie, cold and white and still, on the red cushion of the settee, and Mrs. Collins knelt beside him, moaning and weeping and wringing her hands. All the invalids of the hotel were in the room or at the door, and three-quarters of the people of Borax were in the office or on the porch or looking in at the windows.

"I had a shiver of apprehension as I came into the room; but what can you do with a boy that has had his vital spark completely quenched? I went up to the sofa, and looked down upon the calm, still face, white as marble, and then I felt sorry I had had such wicked feelings about the child. My heart began to ache for the mother too. I said to her that she must try to bear up and be patient; that Geordie was happier now than if he were with us; and that he wouldn't be willing to come back to us if he could.

"Then I took the boy's hand in mine and leaned over him to kiss him.

"Imagine my feelings as I saw his eyes open! Then he sneezed twice, sat straight up on the red cushion, said, 'Where's Ma?' and then flung his arms about his mother's neck.

"What would you have thought of that, my friend? Was the boy cataleptic, or had his scandalous old mother mesmerised

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

him, or was Geordie just up to some kind of game with me, or had Bowser drugged him? I can't tell. But, no matter; there was Geordie, risen right from the dead, everybody thought, and the people— Well, I know you won't expect me even to try to tell of the excitement that ensued. Borax was just crazy; and I felt the iron fingers of Fate closing around me. I knew I should never get away from that disgusting town unless by stealth. I was hardly safe in my room; but the locked door did protect me for a time.

"Food, however, is a necessity. I would not go down to dinner. I rang for it to be brought to me. Andrews brought it himself, and after depositing the tray upon the table and looking out of my window to see how the new wing would fit to the north end of the hotel, he said:

"Doc, I have an offer for you."

"Andrews," I said, "please withdraw. I am not open to offers."

"But you wouldn't be impolite to a lady, would you? You're not that kind of a man, unless I'm wrong in my calculations."

"To what lady do you refer?"

"To the Widder Collins, little Geordie's ma. She has designated me to say to you that she has two good farms over in Loyal-sock township, five hundred dollars in bank, and a first mortgage on the new Methodist Church at Huckleberry Bend, and if you are willin' to marry her, she's willin' and so's Geordie."

"My friend, could you, without reflection, have framed a reply to such an extraordinary proposition? I couldn't, and so the delay gave Andrews time to remark:

"Ef you don't mind marryin' a widder, I'd advise you to take that offer. She's a woman that's calc'lated to make home happy."

"The time had now come for action. I must fly. But how? I sat up most of the night meditating upon a plan of escape, and before morning dawned I thought I had one prepared. I had resolved to bribe one of the stage-drivers to take me away while Borax slept.

"But a better chance presented itself that very day. Dr. Bowser came over to see me about nine o'clock, and when he had made himself at home in the rocking-chair in my room, he cleared his throat a couple of times, and looking timidly at me, he said:

"Things are not even in this world, are they?"

"I was not willing to commit myself until I could find out what he was after, so I did not answer.

"A country doctor," he continued, "has a hard life, driving here and there, miles and miles, up hill and down dale, night and day, and half the time getting no pay or taking his pay in poultry and horse-feed. And yet here other people just have money chucked at them—fairly chucked at them, by Fortune."

"Bowser," I asked, "what are you driving at?"

"Oh, well," he said gloomily, "it's no use of talking to you, of course; but while I can hardly get bread, no matter how much I try, and no matter if I work myself to death, here's big money lying right in your hands and you won't even take the trouble to shut your fingers over it."

"Dr. Bowser," I said sternly, "I've told you over and over again that I am not a physician, and that it would be wicked, simply a bare-faced fraud, for me to permit these foolish people about here to think me one."

"He looked at me wearily, his face plainly indicating that he still did not believe me; then he said:

"Doctor or no doctor, nobody can deny that I am a doctor. I'll tell you what I'll do. You agree to work with me, and let me attend to the scientific end, while you just stand by and look on, and I'll give you two-thirds of the receipts, and I'll get rich on the other third."

"I was about to refuse this proposition upon the ground that I could not consent to become a party to a dishonourable arrangement, when he continued:

"I've got a patient, old Mrs. Brown, over here at Scipio, who will die sure under my treatment. She's rich, too, and if we could cure her——"

"I saw at once that if I could reach Scipio in Bowser's carriage, I should have a chance to get away.

"I will visit Mrs. Brown with you," I said.

"You will!" shouted Bowser, jumping up with such violence that he upset the rocking-chair. "Hooray! Doctor, I knew your heart was right. When shall we go?"

"Now," I said.

"He went out to get his horse. I put into an envelope that I placed upon the

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

table the sum that I owed Andrews for board; then I packed as much of my clothing as I could get into a hand-bag, and sat down to wait for Bowser.

"We went down-stairs together, and as we passed through the office Andrews looked at me and my valise suspiciously. But Bowser explained the matter to him, and he seemed much relieved. Looking around as I took my seat in the buggy, I saw Mrs. Collins waving her handkerchief at me from the parlour window, while Geordie tried to climb one of the posts of the porch. I never saw a boy of his years who presented a more vigorous appearance.

"We reached Scipio at half-past eleven o'clock, and Bowser tied his horse in front of Mrs. Brown's house. J. Manderson Brown, her son, opened the door for us. He looked grave. Bowser introduced me, and Mr. Brown said in a low voice, as his countenance overspread with hopefulness:

"Thank you, sir; I have heard much of you."

"Of course, as you may imagine, I couldn't do an earthly thing for poor Mrs. Brown, but Bowser insisted that I must act as if I were treating her; so I gave her nine drops of paregoric in sugar and water, and left sixteen quinine pills with directions that she should take one every four hours.

"The dear old lady looked gratefully at me as I stood by her bedside, and when I bade her good-bye she told me she felt better already. Bowser said to young Brown, down-stairs, that he thought now the promise was distinct for recovery.

"But how should I contrive to get away from Bowser? I asked him if he would mind driving about a little bit so that I could see the town, and he said he would be glad to show Scipio to me. We drove and drove until at last I saw a drug store, and, as good fortune would have it, the store was right across the street from the railway station.

"I asked Bowser to hitch his horse while I bought some medicine. We spent an hour in the drug store, but no train came, and Bowser at last proposed to start for home. I thought I heard a train coming, and I went to the front door; but it was a freight train and it did not stop. Then I actually saw a passenger train approaching from the opposite direction, and I asked Bowser if he would mind going around to the grocery store and getting some crackers for me, while I looked up something in the

Pharmacopœia that lay upon the druggist's counter.

"Bowser went upon the errand, and no sooner had he turned the corner than I went out, took my valise from the buggy, dashed over to the station, and entered a car. The train started at once, and I felt half ashamed of myself as I looked through the window and saw poor old Bowser slowly coming back to the drug store with the bundle of crackers in his hand and his head bent downward. No doubt he was thinking how rich he would be by that time next year. But you can't blame me, can you, for running away somehow or other?

"You would naturally think that would be the end of my story; but it isn't. Just six months afterwards I was sitting in my library at home when the servant brought me a card. It had on it the name 'J. Manderson Brown.' I was really scared. But the man had run me down. I couldn't get away. And was I to be bluffed and bull-dozed in my own house? No, sir! So I went down into the parlour to see him. To my astonishment he greeted me warmly, clasping my hand and even manifesting some emotion.

"Doctor," he said, as he resumed his seat upon the sofa, 'I owe you more than I can ever hope to tell you.'

"Your mother, then, fully recovered?"

"Poor mother is dead."

"I am very sorry!" I said, 'but what then is the—?'

"I will explain. Your medicine acted like magic. Her system responded instantly to your treatment, and in less than a week she was about the house and as well as she had ever been. In fact, better; she really seemed to have renewed her youth. She ascribed it all to you, and words cannot convey a notion of her gratitude. She longed to see you and tell you what her feeling for you was. But, alas, three or four months later another malady assailed her, and as you had disappeared in a mysterious manner, leaving no traces of your whereabouts, she did not have proper treatment from that man Bowser, and so she died.

"You wrong poor Bowser," I said.

"No, he means well, but he is dull; while you! O, well, you simply have genius, wonderful, wonderful genius!"

"And now," continued Brown, 'my mother was a woman whose gratitude never

The Persecution of John P. Tadcaster

expressed itself in barren language. She re-wrote her will after her life was saved by you, and she left you twenty thousand dollars. I have it with me, here,' and Brown presented a swollen wallet.

"'I won't take a dollar of it,' I said calmly.

"'What?' he exclaimed, as the blood flushed his face.

"'I should be a swindler if I took your mother's money,' I said. 'I am no physician and I never did her a particle of good. It was all humbug.'

"The man seemed stunned for a moment. Then he got up and walked about. Resuming his seat, he said:

"'You must take this money.'

"'I won't do it.'

"'I heard that you were queer,' he said, 'and that you would insist that you are no doctor, and as I never met a man of that kind before, I just give up trying to understand you; but there's one thing I can understand,' and he shook the wallet angrily at me. 'Yes, sir, I can understand one thing, and that is, you can't insult the memory of my dead mother!'

"'Far, far be it from me, Mr. Brown,' I said, 'to think of such thing.'

"'Very well, then,' he exclaimed, 'you take the legacy; her dying request almost was that I should put the money in your hands. Now you take it, or there's going to be trouble.'

"'What kind of trouble?' I asked.

"'Why,' he said, 'I'll prosecute you. I'm under bonds as the executor of my mother's estate to see to it that her wishes are fulfilled, and I'm going to do my duty, no matter who has to suffer.'

"'But,' I said, 'you can't punish a man for refusing to accept money. You can't put him into prison for such a thing as that.'

"'Yes, you can,' answered Brown. 'It is felony. I knew of a man once in New Jersey who was sent to jail for ten years because he wouldn't take a legacy left him by his aunt. I'd have made it twenty years.'

"'That seems a little bit hard, too, doesn't it?' I suggested.

"'Not hard,' responded Brown sternly, 'when a man sets himself up to say what another person shall do with her money and tries to block the wheels of justice. Not at all hard. But I don't want to resort to extreme measures. I'd hate to have you hauled into court. I ask you to take this money as a favour to my sainted mother.'

"What would you have done, sir, under such perplexing circumstances? I consented to take the money on condition that in signing a receipt I should protest in writing that I am no doctor, and that I accepted the bequest under compulsion. Brown was satisfied, and when our business was ended he shook hands with me and left.

"I could not feel sure that I would ever find peace and an uninterrupted opportunity to study the Spanish language so long as I remained at home. I determined to go to Europe and to hide myself somewhere amid the mountains of Switzerland for a few years. I thank you for listening to me. It has lightened my burden to tell you the story of the persecution I have endured."

Tadcaster and I arose, and together we passed out of the parlour. As we did so, I saw the deck-steward point him out to Dr. Mullen, the ship's surgeon, who seemed to have been inquiring for Tadcaster. A smile overspread Mullen's countenance as, with both hands extended, he stepped briskly forward, and greeting my companion, said:

"Have I the honour to address the great Doctor Tadcaster?"

Tadcaster did not hesitate. He plunged into his state-room and closed the door.

I never saw him again; unless he was the man with a clean-shaven face and a slouched hat over his eyes whom I saw at Liverpool, dressed in shabby clothes, creeping out of the ship over the steerage passengers' gangway. The man was built like Tadcaster, but it may have been some other person.

I am going to Borax some day to look up the facts for myself. I feel that this story will not have a satisfying conclusion unless I can report that Dr. Bowser has married the Widow Collins and adopted Geordie.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," "THE CARDINAL'S PAGE," "THE GLEAMING DAWN," ETC.

THE man who by his manipulations of our millions may make or mar the destiny of England; and one who, when you are in his presence, gives you a sense of a reserve of power within him: that reserve of power that all great men possess, lying dormant, waiting for the moment of stress and need, when it blazes forth into action, and astonishes those who mistake quietude for weakness.

Few who might perchance meet Sir Michael strolling down the Strand, or turning round at Charing Cross into Parliament Street, would deem that that thoughtful man in a quiet suit of black was the controller of the most vast sums of money any empire ever drew within its coffers; the tightener or loosener of the purse-strings of Britain; and one who has controlled in his time, not only the Exchequer of England, but also many of the great offices of the Empire, during the thirty-eight years he has been in Parliament.

Sir Michael is now the oldest member of the House of Commons, and has sat continuously for the whole period of his parliamentary life.

As I stood at the door of the dingy little house in Downing Street, overshadowed by the palatial Foreign Office, the strains of the Guards' band came on my ear. Then I was ushered into a dimly-lighted room, where at a writing-table sat the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Michael's tall, slight figure rose as he gave me a kindly greeting; there are few men who with more cordial affability put those surrounding them at their ease, or who can, if need be, use that reserve of power which at once represses incongruous familiarity.

I have met Sir Michael under many varied circumstances, and in the curtained light of this room in Downing Street could still see that nervous twitch of the eyelids that first betrayed the awful strain of brain and heart which he endured in the terrible years of 1885-1886—disastrous years to England. It was in those years, when

assassinations and murderous explosions were rife, that I remember Sir Michael outwitting any who might have intended to do him mischief. A meeting at which he was speaking plainly on the Irish question was held in Bristol, in a room perched on the lower slopes of one of the steep hills of that city. No way from the room, but up dark alleys, twisting up the cliff-side, and the police had taken exceptional precautions: but when the meeting was over, before the police or public knew aught of it, Sir Michael had taken his safety into his own keeping, and was up the hill and into the carriage awaiting him at the nearest spot a carriage could wait, and that a third of a mile from the room, before many younger men, myself amongst them, could climb the steep ascent. The thought of this incident flashing through my brain compelled me to venture upon the question, as to which period of his parliamentary life he had felt the most wearing: that terrible period of 1885, which brought about this Boer war, or this period of the war itself? "Undoubtedly, personally, the strain in the past years had been the heaviest," was the reply. For six weeks he was leader of the House, with a harassing Opposition and in a minority of one hundred; he had the terrible task of opposing the Home Rule Bill, and then he took the Irish Secretaryship. "The strain now," continued Sir Michael, "is more upon Mr. Chamberlain," and characteristically enough he ceased to speak of himself, but I have evidence of the vast amount of work he undertook in those sad, nay, appalling years; of how he shirked no task amidst the hurrying to and fro between Dublin and London; perchance Ireland owes more of its peace and prosperity during the last fifteen years to "Micky the Beach," as they dubbed him, than few wot of.

Sir Michael's school-days were spent at Eton, and it sounds strange to hear a Baronet, and one enjoying the honour of one of the oldest Baronetcies in England, and who in his youth was blessed with all

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart.

the educational facilities of Eton and Oxford, make the statement that he was "a self-educated man." At Oxford he worked; at Eton he did not, and learnt nothing; "boys in those days laughed at foreign languages or mathematics." It is rather curious that it is sometimes difficult to fix the rooms at Oxford where our famous men lounge, or play, or work; but Oxford men will be interested in knowing that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer's rooms looked out on the Tom Quad, in fact were on the first staircase to the right on entering that Quad. He took a second class in Mods. in 1857, an "honorary" fourth in Classics in 1857, but as though foreshadowing he was to become a maker of history, a first in Law and History in 1858. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him in 1878.

When he left Oxford, and during his early Parliamentary career, he travelled widely—that sure means of education. How many a man has proved the truth of Laurence Oliphant's dictum, that travel is a far more valuable means of education than the Universities. And it was pleasant to chat with Sir Michael upon his *Wanderjahre*. He did as most men did in the sixties: visited nearly the whole of Europe

excepting Russia; but he did more than this. He went farther, and studied Egypt, the Holy Land, and Greece; and then travelled in the United States, and was on the first train that ran through to San Francisco. He penetrated into Cuba and went north through Canada. He saw the evils of the devastation of war, for he was

travelling in the Southern States of America not long after the cessation of their fratricidal struggle, so that Sir Michael's withers are unwrung, when that gibe of Rudyard Kipling's is flung across the platform, or the benches of the House of Commons:

"What do they know of England, who only England know?"

He knows much of the world: of our Colonies: and knows too well the terrific and tremendous responsibilities of the British nation; and his exceptionally varied experience of

office enables him to see those responsibilities from many points of view.

In addition to the offices of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has held the offices of Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Under Secretary for the Home Department, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and President of the Board of Trade; and it is the



Photo by Russell and Sons

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart.

vast knowledge which his work in these offices has assisted him to accumulate, that makes him so awkward an opponent to attack.

When for the second time he took the Irish Secretaryship, at a most perilous moment succeeding Mr. John Morley, many dreaded lest the strain upon his powers had so broken his strength that he could scarcely live. But a Continental rest renewed his strength, and years have proved, as he has shown by his brilliant Budget speeches, and denunciation of the bogus anti-coal-tax agitation, that he has gained in power and in equipment for his office.

His having been Secretary of State for the Colonies, led me to ask him whether he knew to whom J. A. Froude refers, when he speaks in his *Oceana* of the eminent Colonial Secretary who told Froude "The thing is done, the great colonies are gone, it is but a question of a year or two." But Sir Michael's memory failed him here, and he could not give me the name of that pessimistic, resigning Colonial Secretary; and so we drifted away to other matters, and I boldly ventured to ask a question to which I scarcely expected to receive an answer, and that was: "What hopes were there for the finances of the country? was the period of inflation to continue, or was depression likely to come?" I saw by the smile that spread over the Chancellor's features the type of answer I was to receive. "He would indeed be a bold man who

ventured to predict what was coming, and I will not attempt to say anything as to the future," was that reply. But when I ventured to hope that our trade might, in spite of all the scientifically-organised foreign attacks upon it, still increase, by reason of the development of our Colonies and new openings, such as we have had in Egypt, Africa, etc., he remarked, "that our Colonies were not now developing at the rate they had been; that some most remarkable facts had come out in the Australian census. The Victorian population, for example, was not increasing; but as regards our holding our own in the Colonies or against foreign competition, we were doing that."

Then came the irresistible question of preferential tariffs for our Colonial products, but, as in his public speeches, Sir Michael resisted the temptation. "A preferential tariff must do harm, for raw material must be taxed, and that would injure our own people," was his emphatic statement, and in talking of the tremendous developments, in Africa, North and South, and elsewhere, of the English people during the last few years, he uttered the warning words "that we might be going too fast: already we have on our hands as much as we can manage."

As the strains of martial music faintly came into the room, telling of that military pageant that was preparing outside, beneath the eye of King and Queen, Commander-in-Chief, and many a foreign onlooker, I ventured to refer to the present seething effervescence and trouble in Russia; but Sir Michael thought that the powers that be in that mighty country were too well organised to permit any serious break-up of the official autocracy reigning there; in fact, recent developments seemed to suggest that a country nearer our own shores had more cause to dread eruption and disorganisation than Russia. There was one other subject that has of late leapt so much into prominence, that I longed to have a word upon it; a hobby of my own, but perchance none of Sir Michael's, who has proved how much a man may educate himself. I at last asked the question as to whether "expenditure on education were not as necessary as on our army and navy"? but I was promptly answered that "expenditure on the navy was



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ENTERING
HIS VILLAGE HOME

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart.

most necessary, in fact vital. The freedom of the country stood first; without that being assured, all else was useless. Expenditure on education was necessary, but it could not be placed before the safety of the country."

Eleven o'clock was striking: the hour for the commencement of the pageant on the Horse Guards' Parade; and as I passed out of the quiet room and stood without the house in Downing Street, and looked on King and Court, and nodding plume, the scene of Sir Michael's country house in Gloucestershire came into my vision. Here all around him was royalty and fashion, and the intellect of the nation; there was pastoral quietude. A low, straggling, old manor-house, its lovely gardens shut in by a high wall, overtopping which is the fine old church-tower of the village of Coln St. Aldwyns, a church and manor that speak of England's greatness far back into Saxon days; and where, far even from a railway, the worried Chancellor of the Exchequer can possibly forget for a time all the weighty affairs of State, ceremony and fashion, and be but a well-liked landlord, and an English country gentleman.

But in his country home Sir Michael leads no idle life, local duties are not shirked; as a magistrate and chairman of various societies, his time is well filled, and when friction occurs in local affairs his quiet,

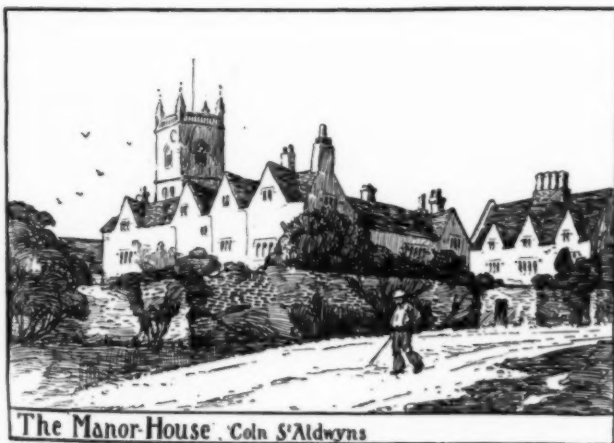
thoughtful, yet authoritative influence is often appealed to, usually successfully, to calm perturbation. As Provincial Grand Master for Gloucestershire, his presence is eagerly looked for in gatherings of the Craft in the West. For fourteen years he was a captain in the militia, but he has never posed as an authority on military matters. He believes in the happiness of a domestic life, and is keenly anxious that women should be educated, not only with a literary and scientific education, but in

housewifery and domesticity, that play so large a part in the happiness of all our lives, whether peasant or noble; and lately, whilst talking to the girls at the Clifton High School, he told them how his daughters were interested in this type of work, and were attending cookery classes, that they might influence those amongst whom they lived. As I sat and chatted with him in Downing Street, behind him were shelves piled with Blue Books; here in his country home are his favourite writers, pictures

D D



SIR MICHAEL AND LADY HICKS-BEACH AT THE DOOR OF
THE MANOR-HOUSE, COLN ST. ALDWYNS



The Manor-House, Coln St. Aldwyns

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart.

and portraits of his family and ancestors, lovely flowers, and a sense of calm and peace that despatches sometimes must terribly disturb. But the old Norman church overshadowing his garden assures

him that England has gone through many a crisis, and yet sways the world; and aids perchance to give him that calm reserve of strength wherewith to serve his country and his God.

The Coastwise Lights of England

BY GERTRUDE BACON

IV.—Bells, Buoys, and Beacons

HAS the reader ever been at sea when a heavy fog has fallen upon the face of the waters, building up a blank white wall between the ship on which he stands and all the rest of creation? Has he ever peered out over the bulwarks upon the drifting mist wreaths piling up upon the oily waves, and vainly tried to discern, however dimly, what may lie but twenty yards from the vessel's side? Has he ever lain awake in his narrow berth, counting the slackened pulses of the engines as the captain slowly feels his way onward through blackest night, and heard, minute by minute, all through the long hours, the unearthly shriek of the syren, or the dismal tolling bell, which warns all other seamen within hail that a ship is blindly groping through the gloom, and bids them keep out of her way?

Or, again, from the streets of a sea-side town, along the edge of the cliffs, or from his house upon the shore, when the sea fog broods upon the deep, has the reader heard the same doleful sounds sweep in across the water, or felt the air tremble to the dull boom of the fog-signal, telling that from the lighthouse upon the Point, or the lightship upon the edge of the shoal, watchful men are sending out their loud-voiced message of danger, to all whom it may concern, within that curtain of mist which envelops them?

Even without these experiences, however, which help to bring home so vividly the realities of a fog at sea, but little thought is needed of us to realise that a lighthouse which provides a beacon by day and a guiding light by night, is yet performing but two-thirds of its three-fold duty. Perhaps

most important of all—at least, in the majority of cases—is the furnishing of some sound-signal by which, night or day, it may convey its special warning when neither its form nor its light is visible, and when the seaman is in sorest need of some kindly guidance. The value of an efficient fog-signal on lightship or lighthouse simply cannot be over-estimated. To give but a single instance. One of the most noteworthy and terrible disasters which have happened of late years around our shores was the wreck, in 1875, of the *Schiller*. The *Schiller* was a German mail-boat, homeward bound from New York with 360 souls, the mails, and 300,000 dollars of specie on board. The weather had been thick for several days, with a fog so dense that one end of the ship was invisible from the other, and on the night of May 8th the vessel approached the dreaded archipelago of the Scilly Isles. Although within but a quarter of a mile of the "Bishop" light—one of the most splendid and powerful on all our coasts—not a glimmer penetrated the darkness, nor a sound from the fog-bell, tolling all the while, and the *Schiller* struck on the Retarrier Ledges almost under the shadow of the lighthouse itself, and of all her company but forty-five were saved to tell the tale. Nearly two hundred bodies of the victims of this awful wreck lie in the little churchyard of St. Mary's, and the Scillonians still talk with bated breath of the scenes of that night of horror. Since then, however, the "Bishop" has been provided with the tremendously powerful detonating signals of gun-cotton, whose thundering explosions seem to shake the very walls of Hugh Town, seven miles

The Coastwise Lights of England

distant, whenever a sea-fog sweeps up from the Atlantic; and, thanks to their employment, the wrecks of late have so vastly diminished that the Scilly Islands seem almost in a fair way of losing their dread reputation after all.

What form of signal can be heard furthest and best across the water in a fog is still a moot point, and various devices are employed at different light-stations around our islands, and with varying success. Hooters and syrens are perhaps the means most frequently adopted. We have seen in our last paper how they are employed upon the lightships. Our illustrations give two

Stone, a sunken rock off the Land's End, from which it is necessary to warn the coasting vessels. A large bell hangs free in the cage-like buoy, poised in such a way that with every toss of the waves it strikes upon one of the four iron clappers which surround it, and flings out over the water a weird tolling, quite indescribable in its dismal persistence and not readily to be forgotten.

This mention of the Runnel Stone brings us naturally to a great branch of the work of Trinity House which we have hitherto left unnoticed, namely, buoys and buoying. Trinity House is not only responsible for



THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE, PENDEEN, CORNWALL

Photo by Gibson, Penzance

more typical instances: one, the splendid new lighthouse at Pendeen upon the Cornish coast, where there is a double-mouthed syren well shown in the picture, and the other the "Dunnet Head" light at the north of Scotland, which has a hooter of somewhat different form. In these cases the instrument is blown by steam or oil engines provided for that purpose. Bells are the least efficient of the modes of sound signalling, and are not employed when it is of importance that the sound should travel a considerable distance. For closer range they are useful enough. Visitors to the Scilly Isles will doubtless have a vivid recollection of the bell buoy at the Runnel

the light-stations — houses and ships — in England, but also for some thousands of small fry in the shape of buoys of various descriptions, scattered prodigally about harbours, estuaries, river channels, shoals and rocks, and serving each its all-important part in the giant scheme of coast defence.

There are all sorts and conditions of buoys; bell buoys, whistling buoys, gas buoys, wreck buoys, chequered buoys, red buoys, black buoys, buoys with balls and lozenges and triangles. To obtain a closer acquaintance with these and many other varieties one has but to gain admittance to the Trinity House Wharf at Blackwall, or

The Coastwise Lights of England



Photo by Miss C. M. Bacon

THE HOOTER, DUNNET HEAD

to one of the several yards and stores which Trinity House owns in different seaport towns. There are always a number of buoys in store, since to every point to be marked there are two buoys provided, so that one is always ready to take the place of the other should any mishap occur, or while its fellow is being re-painted or repaired.

The first thing that strikes us about a buoy out of water is its size, which we find to be much larger than we would have supposed from merely seeing it in the sea. The next thing we learn about it is the extraordinary care with which it is moored. Each buoy is secured in its place by huge iron chains fastened to heavy weights or "sinkers," resting on the sea bottom or bed of the river. In certain places where the bed is shifting, or waves and currents strong, these weights have to be extremely massive. The Runnel Stone Bell Buoy for example—a large one, it is true—is secured with two 30 cwt. and 20 cwt. sinkers and ninety fathoms of enormous chain, notwithstanding which it has been known to break adrift, once on the very inappropriate occasion of the fleet leaving Falmouth bound

west. It was an anxious time, we may well believe, with the officials at Penzance, till the runaway was duly secured and tethered again to his post.

A bell buoy, of course, is but a modern variant of the bell which the Abbot of Aberbrothock (and others doubtless before his time) made use of for the Inchcape Rock and elsewhere; and its object is to serve the double purpose of providing a mark by day and a warning sound by night or in thick weather. A more modern and very ingenious application of the same idea is seen in the whistling buoy. In this a long wide tube is affixed to the buoy, its upper end a whistle, its lower sunk a considerable distance into the water. The mouth of this is always open and beneath the surface, and thus with every toss of the waves the air is forced up the tube and emits a loud and dismal blast. In theory this invention is admirable, in practice it has been found to bear too close a resemblance to the fog-signals of vessels, and a similar objection also applies to the bell buoy. More efficient than either has proved to be the gas buoy, which is in effect a miniature lighthouse, burning compressed gas from a cylinder replenished every few weeks.

All buoys, in fact, require constant attention, and every three months each one is visited in turn, and its position verified, lest by any chance it may have shifted its bearings, and thus lead some ship astray. Any accident to a buoy is immediately reported to head-quarters, and should it prove impossible to immediately remedy it, Trinity



THE RUNNEL STONE BUOY

The Coastwise Lights of England



BUOYS ASHORE

House uses all means within its power to acquaint the maritime world with the fact. The coasts over which Trinity House holds sway are, by it, divided into districts, and each division has its vessel, which makes periodic visits to every rock lighthouse and lightship within its jurisdiction, relieving the men, carrying stores, etc., and also inspecting the buoys in due rotation. The deck of such a craft, bound on its round of duty, presents a curious appearance, piled up as it is with its cases of stores, barrels of water and the like, and carrying probably one or more huge buoys needed to take the place of some brother who is ordered into hospital for paint or patching. Each buoy has its own special name writ large across it in big white letters. Various coloured buoys are for different purposes. A green one marks the site of some sunken wreck in shallow water, in which a vessel might get entangled; red or black are for the starboard side of a channel or harbour as you enter, chequered and vertically striped for the port, while middle buoys are black or red, with white horizontal stripes. Other more distinctive marks may be conferred by the addition of some device, a ring or triangle or cross erected upon the top.

And talking of sea-marks, one of the most curious beacons, surely, ever established for the use of the mariner, was that which once stood upon the Wolf

Rock. The "Wolf" is a dangerous reef midway between Land's End and the Scillies, and said to mark the highest ground in that mysterious country, "Lost Lyonesse," which tradition would have us believe once stretched between the mainland and that outlying group of islands, and which with its forty parishes and all their inhabitants was swept away at one fell swoop in an awful gale in the dim old days of the Round Table. The "Wolf" is said first to have acquired its name from the sound which the wind made howling over it, and apparently this fancy prompted the strange form of the sea-mark which was once there erected, and which was nothing more nor less than the copper figure of a wolf, through the open jaws of which the wind was supposed to roar sufficiently loudly to warn the ships at sea. Naturally the attempt was futile, and in due course Trinity House proposed the erection on the rock of a proper lighthouse. Curiously enough, as it would seem, this proposal met with strenuous opposition on the part of the Cornish fishers. A light there, they said, would scare away the fish and interfere with their ancient and legitimate trade. But there were not wanting those who declared that it was their old and nefarious calling of "wrecking" which they really meant, and, their complaints notwithstanding, the lighthouse was duly commenced.



A WHISTLING BUOY

The Coastwise Lights of England



A BELL BUOY

But not without tremendous difficulties was the work of building accomplished. With the sole exception of the "Bishop" the "Wolf" light is the most exposed of all lighthouses on the English coasts, and the weed which clings so thickly upon the weathered side of the slender, elegant shaft rising from the waters tells its own eloquent tale of the wild wintry storms sweeping in across the Atlantic. Only slightly more sheltered is the neighbouring lighthouse, the "Longships," just off the Land's End, and which adds so finely to the unrivalled panorama seen from that granite headland. The particular rock upon which it is built is known as Carn Bras, the great carn, and its summit rises seventy feet above low-water mark. The top of the tower is fifty-six feet above this, its circumference sixty-eight feet, its

massive walls four feet thick at the base. Two iron doors, stout and absolutely watertight, give entrance to the three-storied shaft, but to land upon the rock is often both difficult and dangerous, and frequently in winter the waves will rise and break fathoms above the lantern, while sheets of foam and spray, like driving snow, hide it from view.

There is a good story told of an inspector, many years ago, to whom the Cornish coast and its gales were little known, who paid a visit to the rock when the seas were calm and the skies were blue; and being a gentleman somewhat prone to find fault, it pleased him to complain of the large store of provisions kept within the lighthouse. Seeing how close they were to the land, he said, he did not see the reason for so great an accumulation. Surely the men might fetch their stores a little oftener instead. Even while he thus grumbled, however, the skies blackened, the wind rose, and with it the sea, and soon the spray was dashing over the lighthouse in which the inspector was now a prisoner. For nine long weeks, so the story runs, did the gale continue before it abated sufficiently for him to gain the shore, a hungrier and a wiser man, nor did he ever more complain that the food stores provided on the "Longships" were in any way excessive.

The present sturdy structure is the second which has been erected upon the rock. The first was built in 1795, and was originally constructed upon the mainland in the neighbouring Sennen Cove. Each piece was of granite, dovetailed together and secured by



CHAINS FOR THE BUOYS

The Coastwise Lights of England

oak trellises, and when the whole was completed it was carefully taken to pieces and re-erected upon the reef. The whole was rebuilt in 1872. Our illustration of the "Longships" represents a very curious accident which there befell a short while since, when a steamer, *The Blue-jacket*, actually struck upon the very rock on which the lighthouse stands. This was an unusual incident indeed, nor does there appear very adequate reason why it occurred, since the weather, it is said, was clear at the time. In proof of the fearful storms which sometimes burst over the rock, it may be mentioned that once, in a terrible gale, the lantern itself was broken in, and the story goes that in that awful night the hair of the light-keeper turned from jet-black to white. Formerly but



ON A TRINITY YACHT, RELIEVING



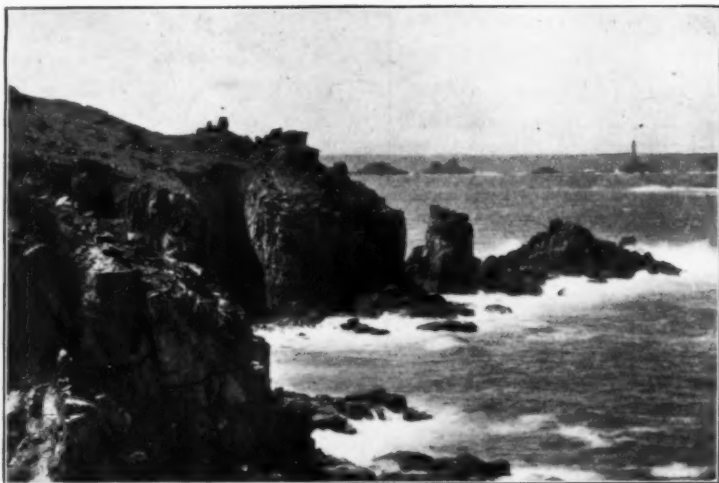
THE WOLF LIGHTHOUSE

Photo by Gibson, Penzance

The Coastwise Lights of England

two men at a time were on the reef together, but once it happened that one of them died when on duty, leaving his companion alone in the dreary solitude, and since then four men, whose houses are on the hillside at Sennen, overlooking the scene of their labours, serve the light, three always on duty at a time.

This disastrous incident of one of two men dying upon an isolated lighthouse has its parallel in more than one other instance. It occurred once in the marvellously chequered history of the Eddystone, and the survivor, fearful of being accused of foul play, managed to keep the body of his dead comrade against many days till relieved. It occurred again also on the "Smalls"—a rock light on the western coast, where the living keeper lashed the corpse of the dead one upon the gallery of the lighthouse while waiting (with what eagerness may be imagined) for the arrival of the relieving boat to release him from his terrible position. Truly, the lot of the men on the "rock"



THE LAND'S END AND LONGSHIPS LIGHT

lights is not one to be envied, notwithstanding the great improvements and alleviations which have of late years been introduced, and which render, among other things, the repetition of such tragic incidents as we have mentioned practically an impossibility. Nevertheless, when the unavoidable confinement, responsibility and loneliness are taken into consideration, it may fairly be allowed that the keepers well earn the extra pay or "rock money" they receive for every day spent on such a station.

The candidate for the service of Trinity House (and there are no lack of such, you may be sure) must be of unimpeachable



Photo by Gibson, Penzance

LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE. WRECK OF THE BLUEJACKET

The Coastwise Lights of England

character, perfect health and of fair education. After passing the entrance examinations (physical and mental) he serves his apprenticeship as a "supernumerary" at various lights, where he will gain a practical acquaintance with all branches of his work, including the use of the electric light, various sound-signals, etc. Then, when a full-blown keeper, he is stationed for a certain period of years on a rock light, then, later, upon shore. In due course, if all goes well, he gets his promotion as head keeper, and returns again to a rock station, this time in command, finishing his whole career as "chief" in a lighthouse ashore.

In certain cases it is perhaps somewhat difficult to differentiate between a "rock" and a land light. Take the lighthouse on Caldy Island, the little speck of land in Carmarthen Bay. Too big certainly to be called a rock, it yet is obviously very distinct from the mainland. The building here



Photo by T. C. Beynon

LIGHTHOUSE, CALDY ISLAND



Photo by T. C. Beynon

BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE



Photo by Miss C. M. Bacon

DUNNET HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, SCOTLAND

is a fine specimen of a modern lighthouse, with a stone tower two stories high, and two wings which form the keepers' houses on either side. The powerful dioptric fixed light within the lantern can be seen in clear weather to a distance of twenty-six miles, while by means of red

glass placed in particular positions on lens and lantern a red ray is flung on to certain dangerous shoals and to the westward towards old Castle Head. Another typical lighthouse (on the mainland, this time), chosen at haphazard from another quarter of England, is that on Beachy Head, so familiar to every visitor to Eastbourne. The light here is quarter-second flashing. Among our illustrations of various British beacons are included two Scottish examples, "Dunnet Head" and "Cape Wrath" on the wild northern coast. The Scottish lighthouses, be it said, are not under the jurisdiction of Trinity House, being controlled by a special Scotch Board, while the Irish Lights also have their own separate Commissioners.

Of stories of the lighthouses there are no end. There is a pretty one which tells

The Coastwise Lights of England

of the origin of the Burnham light at the entrance to Bridgwater port. The tale runs that in the olden days, before ever a light had been placed there, a poor woman lived in a little house down by the water-side. She was a fisherman's wife whose husband had been lost at sea many years before; but sorrow had turned her brain, and night after night, year in and year out, she placed a light in her cottage window to guide the footsteps of the man who never returned. Presently she died, and then, at length, the light in the cottage window went out for good. But the fishers at Bridgwater had come to know the constant gleam and to steer their craft for the harbour by means of its friendly guidance. They missed their homely beacon when it no longer shone, and murmured for another. So the parson of the place built them one at his own expense, and levied upon them a certain toll for maintenance. Nor did he thereby suffer. The lighthouse turned out a profitable speculation, and when after thirty years it was eventually purchased by Trinity House, a goodly sum found its way to the far-seeing divine's pocket.

But the great romance of the lighthouse—the true story of Trinity House, which is stranger than all fiction—centres around the famous Eddystone. Its history is

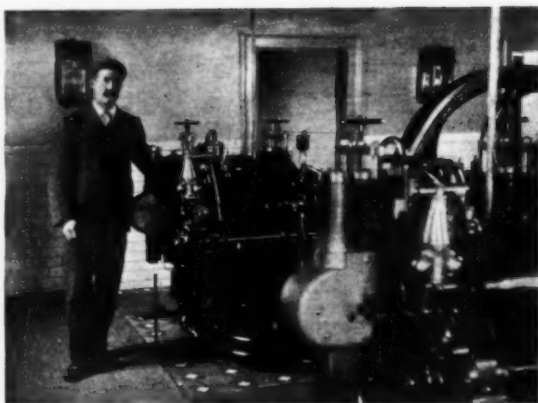


Photo by Miss C. M. Bacon

THE ENGINES, DUNNET HEAD

well known the world over, but nevertheless as no tale of the beacons, however slight, can have any claim to completeness without mention of it, some allusion must needs be made, even at the risk of repetition. Briefly then the wonderful tale runs thus:—

The Eddystone rock lies full in the track of the vessels bound for Plymouth, or passing up and down the Channel, and many a good ship had struck on its sunken reef before, in 1696, it was proposed to erect a lighthouse there. Such an undertaking had previously been supposed impossible, but a Mr. Winstanley, mercer and country gentleman, in that year came forward and begged leave to try his hand at the difficult task. It was granted, and four years later saw the completion of the lighthouse—but such a lighthouse! The base indeed was a solid tower bound with iron to the rock, but above it were open galleries, fantastic vanes, cranes and chains, ornamental woodwork, painted texts, a flag-staff, and a highly elaborate finial—the whole more resembling the gingerbread fabric of an exhibition than a lighthouse built to withstand the winter gales of a storm-swept rock. Nevertheless it must have been stronger than it looked, for it stood firmly for five years, till Winstanley said in his pride that it was invulnerable, and expressed a wish to be there in the fiercest gale that ever blew.

Nor had he long to wait. In November 1703 he was on the rock superintending some repairs, when there began a gale the like of which has never been known around



Photo by Miss C. M. Bacon

CAPE WRATH LIGHTHOUSE, SCOTLAND

The Coastwise Lights of England



From an old print

THE SECOND (RUDYERD'S) EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

our shores. Of the loss of life on that awful occasion no estimate can be formed. In the Downs alone forty merchant ships were lost, and hundreds more in other places. For two days the tempest raged with a fury well-nigh inconceivable, and when the morning of the third dawned no lighthouse stood upon the Eddystone—only its iron girders and a piece of chain wedged in a crevice of the rock.

But the necessity for a light on the reef was emphasised shortly after by the wreck of a heavily-laden vessel upon it with great loss of life; and three years later John Rudyard, the owner of a shop on Ludgate Hill, set to work upon the task of erection. His lighthouse was a masterpiece in its way, and our illustration shows it a shapely, workmanlike structure, with none of the ornamental absurdities of its ill-fated predecessor. The material of which it was composed was partly of Cornish granite, but mainly timber cramped together, and herein—as was subsequently proved—lay its weakness. For fifty years nearly it fulfilled its duty, and then one night an ominous and unusual glare was seen upon the rock. That evening, December

1, 1755, the light-keepers, entering the lantern to snuff the tallow candles with which it was then lighted, found the whole place in a blaze; and since all the water available to extinguish it had to be carried laboriously from below up a distance of 70 feet, the fire soon seized upon the whole building. The unfortunate keepers were driven from the tower by falling timbers and showers of molten lead, and when at last

some fishing-boats rescued them from a ledge of the rock under which they were cowering, they were more dead than alive, and one poor fellow who had received a dose of molten lead actually down his throat succumbed to his injuries.

Thus perished two Eddystone lighthouses. The third was that splendid erection which will perpetuate for ever the fame of John Smeaton, the Yorkshire engineer, and the upper portion of which now stands upon the Hoe at Plymouth. For more than a century and a quarter Smeaton's lighthouse braved the gales upon the Eddystone reef, and then it was

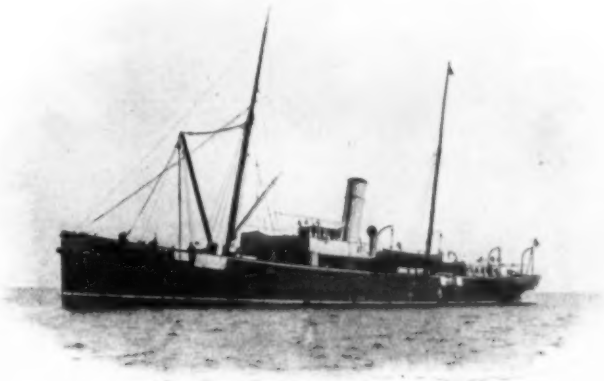


Photo by T. C. Bynon

TRINITY HOUSE VESSEL SIREN

The Coastwise Lights of England

discovered that not the lighthouse but the living rock itself was being undermined, and the genius of Sir James Douglass, the Trinity House engineer, erected in its place (though not on its site) the building which at present guards that dangerous post.

In this short series, of which the present is the concluding paper, only the fringe of a well-nigh inexhaustible subject has been touched upon. The story of our Coastwise Lights is so vast, and so mingled also with the history of our nation and its well-being, that many volumes would be required

in which to fitly recount it. Enough has at least been said to show how noble is the work which Trinity House has set itself, and how nobly it has been fulfilled. Untold national interests rest in the tireless hands of the great Brotherhood, and there they rest safely. In conclusion the writer begs to tender sincerest and most grateful thanks for the exceeding kindness and ready courtesy extended to her by Trinity House, through its Secretary and other officials, which has enabled her thus to carry through an interesting and all-delightful task.

An Unknown Singer

NEAR you the rose of peace grows ever
well,
No distant saint are you, or mystic fay,
Yet have you brought from Faeryland a spell
That fills with golden light earth's darkest
day.

Your silent faith in good beyond our sight,
Your songs, that ever keep the best in
view,
Your brave endeavour, urging to the right,
Make life the sweeter, being lived by
you.

And if you, weary, sometimes lose the light
From that far City, which so many seek,
Think, you have aided others in the fight,
Whose efforts, wanting you, were all too weak.

E. H. TIPPLE.



Photo by G. G. Kent

FEEDING THE SEA-GULLS FROM BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, LONDON

to the solid ground of nature trusts the mind that builds for eye

A GREAT SCOTSMAN



THOMAS FAED

I

THOMAS FAED, the eminent Scottish painter who died in August 1900, was born upon the same day in 1826 as his brother Academician and our great Englishman, the late Sir John Everett Millais. He was the second son of humble parents—his father being a millwright near Kirkeudbright. The eldest lad, John, still lives, enjoying a high reputation as a painter, but Thomas, six years John's junior, is the Faed the world knows best, and his success was greatly due to John, who took in hand both his education and maintenance when merely in his teens. From John the late artist had his earliest lessons, and later was sent by him to the School of Design in Edinburgh, then under the directorship of Sir William Allan. His career at this time was exceptionally brilliant, and he exhibited several water-colour drawings showing high capacity. His first work in oil was done with his brother, who doubtless was proud of his pupil, for Thomas displayed unquestionable power in his nature-work, while he showed himself to be, too, in his canvases, a poet, moralist and religious teacher. Such an exceptional young man could not long fail to obtain recognition in Scotland, and at twenty-three years he became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy.

At twenty-six he made London his home, and in 1859 was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Here it was that most of his famous pictures were first seen by the public. Foremost among these stands the pathetic *Mitherless Bairn*, engravings of which will be found in many a British home, cottage or palatial, the world over.

Some four years ago in Western Australia, I was making a little trip on the Swan River for purposes of illustration. My carsman was a tawny middle-aged Scot of genial presence and much intelligence, and the following conversation, in which the late painter's name is prominent, took place between us:

The Oar. "Then ye know the auld laand, sir, and some o' the folks, I mak' na' doot?"

The Pencil. "Oh yes, I've been in Scotland once or twice, and have met some good people there, some of the best you have, I may say."

The Oar. "Ah, hae ye now?"

The Pencil. "Yes, your Professor Blackie and Sir Noel Paton, and Sir George Reid, and——"

The Oar. "Ah, indeed, John Stuart Blackie hae ye met noo? he's a greet character; and he's a splendid artist, is Sir Noel Paton, isn't he? But hae ye ever seen Thomas Faed?"

(My companion asked this question with evident respect for the name.)

The Pencil. "Yes, I know Mr. Faed very well, but never met him in Scotland. He lives in London, you know, as do others

A Great Scotsman

of the first Scotch painters—McWhirter, Orchardson and David Murray, for instance. —Yes, I was in Mr. Faed's studio quite recently."

The Oar. "Ah, what a preevilege! D'ye ken I do like the pictures of Thomas Faed. He's a great man, an' sae is his brither John noo. They're baith o' them men o' fine pairts—John and Thomas Faed."

My boatman had been taken to the Antipodes when a child, but his knowledge of eminent countrymen in all phases of thought and learning was anything but mean, considering his distance from home and the probable paucity of news concerning them reaching the banks of the Swan.

When we reached Fremantle we went



MY OARSMAN IN
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

ashore for refreshment, and entering an hotel there, what should first meet our eyes upon the walls but reproductions of *The Last o' the Clan* and *The Mitherless Bairn*! I am certain my friend's pleasure at the sight prompted the nature of the liquor he would take, viz. "special Scotch," and I am equally sure he would have "shouted" for the same drink for me as long as I liked—only I was a teetotaller.

Our journey back to Perth was very leisurely and pleasant, and my Scotch-Colonial would still have more under the heading of Faed, doubtless having had his admiration flipped by the two engravings just named. He drank very moderately of the other Scotch, be it remarked, though he was enthusiastic.

The reader, then, will imagine we have pushed away from a little jetty beneath the old wooden convict bridge, when the conversation is resumed:

The Oar. "An' what noo may Thomas Faed's study be like whar he pents them famous pictures?"

The Pencil. "Oh, it's very fine, like a little cathedral, in fact quite a beautiful place, but before you reach the studio you pass through an ante-room full of his pencil and water-colour studies, and here too he

has a fine edition of Burns illustrated by himself and Mr. John Faed."

The Oar. "An' what pairt o' London may't be in?"

The Pencil. "Well, you've heard of Lord's Cricket-Ground, where your Australians played last year, and where our Dr. Grace and others knock the ball about sometimes?"

The Oar. "Ay, that a hae."

The Pencil. "Well, Lord's is in a very nice part of London, and just over the northern wall that bounds the cricket-ground, in Cavendish Road, is Mr. Faed's home. You go down a short passage, and you ring the bell, when a kindly Scotch lady, maybe followed by a collie, will open the door to you. This is the vestibule, and here on the left stands a beautiful marble bust of the artist's only daughter. I can recollect Mr. Faed one day affectionately stroking the hair of his 'baby' as he called her, and telling me with tearful voice, that death robbed him of his wife and child at nearly the same time."

The Oar. "Ah, sad, sad indeed!"

The Pencil. "Very sad. Well, you may call this vestibule a library also, if you like, for there are many fine volumes in cases round about. When you get into the studio proper, you meet immediately some old friends."

The Oar. "Old friends! I doot I dinna fair catch your meanin'. Oh! aiblins ye're speakin' o' the pictures we hae the prints of?"

The Pencil. "No, no, *they* have become public property long ago. Something to do with the pictures however, I mean, and you know them well enough. You recognise when you enter Mr. Faed's workshop an old Highland cradle and other furniture, and the blue-and-white teapots, and some of the jars and stools, and old books and plaids, mostly familiar in one picture or another."

The Oar. "Ay, ay, I see. O' course he'd hae to hae things handy, nae doot. Weel, I wa' sore grieved at seein' a scrap o' news about him i' th' newspaper but latterly anent his sicht hae'en gane wrang."

The Pencil. "Yes, quite right. I am sorry to say Mr. Faed *has* had trouble with his eyes. It began about four years ago. He told me one day when I visited him, that as he was making his first charcoal sketch upon a new canvas, the lines all appeared to wave about, as it were, and he was



From the picture by T. Faed, R.A.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES

By permission of Henry Graves and Co. Ltd.

obliged to cease working. Later on he underwent an operation with, I believe, good results, but he lost the sight of one eye entirely from that time. He may be said to have laid aside his palette about 1892, and in 1893 he resigned his membership of the Royal Academy. But Mr. Faed

could express himself with the pen as well as with pencil and brush. He wrote some admirable poems, which appeared now and then in Scottish newspapers. One I recollect he gave me a proof of. It is just like a picture of his. I remember the opening stanza only at present—

A Great Scotsman

'My heart is sair, I canna sew,
My spinning-wheel is still;
The shades o' nicht are creeping fast
Up Brennan's lowering hill.'

The Oar. "Ay, ay, that's juist a Faed picture, juist."

The Pencil. "Now what is it, tell me, about the works of Mr. Faed you like so much?"

The Oar (scratching his head and reflecting a little). "Why, noo, I'll tell ye. There's hame aboot them, and things is sae nat'ral, an' they tell a tale plain oot, and sometimes they preach good sar'mons, and they're gay pleasant to leuk at i' the hoose."

The Pencil. "Just so. Your opinion is precisely the one Mr. Faed would like to hear regarding his life-work, because it could not but be a happy thing to hear of having 'done well' in the noblest sense. There was a young poet used to visit Mr. Faed at times when I knew him, a young fellow the artist thought would do great things some day. He had written a sonnet in which he coupled the names of Burns and Faed. Now, the painter was an extremely modest man, and though full of admiration for the sonnet's artistry, he said he had no right to a place so near Bobbie. But he liked greatly the last lines of the poem; indeed, he would quote them readily. Here are some lines of it:

'Give me the wild-flower lyric of a Burns;
Give me a Faed—some bonny mountain lass
Waving her shepherd lover down the pass
At day's decline, or when the day returns
Waving him back, or later as she yearns
A mother o'er her nursling. Give me these—
The ever-breathing wayside homilies,
For most in these the soul its Lord discerns.'

'Great art is nature's priest of fervent love,
More than thou knowest, mortal in the mist
Of earthly things.'

The Oar. "Weel, sir, it's no a matter I hae much judgment aboot, but these comparisons are o' little consequence. Burns wa' Burns an' nae ither, an' Faed is Faed an' nae ither, an' baith are guid eneugh for me."

II

IN comparing Mr. Faed with other painters of distinction, the name of Joseph Israels has perhaps mostly been quoted, and the comparison may stand as far as choice of subject and a certain feeling are concerned, but Faed was never so sombre

as Israels, while he was, maybe, a draughtsman of greater precision. However, it is difficult to judge of any man's real power as a draughtsman from knowledge only of his finished painting, so that comparison between these two in this regard seems of little worth. Of pure natural draughtsmanship unrelated to the Academic, Mr. Faed was a great lover, but if you want the mere technical dexterity, the "chic," the what is called *smartness* of much latter-day painting, you do not want Mr. Faed. If I might be so bold as to compare Mr. Faed with others, they would be his own renowned countryman, Sir David Wilkie, and our English Mulready.

My friend at the oar occasionally offered me a pinch of snuff—for he carried a capacious mull—and this reminded me of something about snuff the painter had once told me.

The Oar (with a laugh of appreciation and an extra pinch). "Ay, noo, an' what said Thomas Faed aboot snuff? Did he tak't?"

The Pencil. "Well, he told me he knew an old Highlander—indeed this old man had been used as a model frequently—who had taken snuff from boyhood up to seventy years of age, when he made up his mind to abandon the habit."

The Oar. "What! at seventy year?"

The Pencil. "Yes, at seventy, and he did so."

The Oar. "Lor', and what might hae happened then? It leuks incredible in a man o' seventy."

The Pencil. "True though—and he became insane shortly after desisting."

The Oar. "Oh, maan, but that warn't the snuff. What said Thomas Faed aboot it?"

The Pencil. "I think Mr. Faed was in doubt about it. Still that is just what took place. No, the Painter did not take snuff himself."

* * * * *

Perhaps the first production that brought Mr. Faed into wide notice was the painting, done in 1850, of *Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Associates at Abbotsford*, and our Academy showed just appreciation of it when sent for exhibition. Next he sent *Cottage Piety* and *The First Step*. Then the really great *Mitherless Bairn*, the work which may be said to have founded his fame. These and similar subjects,

The Patron and Patroness's Visit to the Village School



THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER

T. Faed, R.A.

*Home and Homeless
Conquered, But Not Subdued
The First Break in the Family
Sunday in the Backwoods
The Poor Friend of the Poor
God's Acre*

Hush! Let Them Sleep

are just the subjects the world thinks of when the name of Thomas Faed is mentioned, and you need only glance at the titles to see how it is some people have come to name him with Joseph Israels.

The portrait of the late Academician is from a drawing from life; the sketch in the centre of our heading is from his work, *The Last o' the Clan*, a print of which I once came across on an Australian sheep-farm; while the mother sewing beside her cradle, on the left of the heading, is a bit from *The School Board in the Cottage*, one of the painter's last exhibited works.

Well, Thomas Faed is dead. Long live in their work such sweet, healthy moralists as Thomas Faed!



A HIGHLAND COTTAGE

John Austin's Will

BY W. MONTROSE

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JOHN AUSTIN, an old Australian squatter, after six months' residence in Sydney, feels himself very unwell. He sends for his friends Millington and Mrs. Moss, announces his intention of going back to Malugalala, and tells them that, with the exception of one or two legacies to his old servants, he is leaving them the residue of his estate to be divided equally between them. Some months after, John Austin dies. But his will cannot be found. At the sale of his furniture, his old chair, a picture, and a sideboard are bought by a man going to England, where they come into the hands of Walter Reid. The latter, through adverse circumstances, is obliged to go to the colonies, taking with him the chair and picture.

A claimant to John Austin's estates turns up in the person of an adventurer called John William Candler. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to get John Millington to take up his case, and then puts it into the hands of Henry Geeves, a lawyer who had fallen low through drink.

Harold Crapp, for whom Mrs. Moss had agreed to keep house, goes to live at Narenita Station, by the invitation of its owner, who is leaving for a visit to Scotland. There he finds Alfred Greenlands, the manager, and his wife good neighbours and kind to Mrs. Moss. There they hear of the well-known "lady-bushrangers," the Miss Fieldings, who went about disguised as men.

Walter Reid, soon after his arrival in Sydney, dies, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, and John Austin's chair and picture are again sold. His daughter goes as companion to Mrs. Greenlands at Narenita.

Bob Hawke, sitting in the bush cemetery one day, discovers a tin box hidden under a stone. It contains some papers—one of which is John Austin (Ashcroft's) story of his life, and another is an illegible copy of a will.

At a dance, Harold Crapp meets the Miss Fieldings, and, without pretending he knew anything of them, expresses his abhorrence of bushranging. His words produce a deep impression on Martha Fielding, who determines to abandon the practice. Acting under a misapprehension, he blames Martha afterwards for being one of two who "stuck up" Mr. Millington and Mr. Greenlands. Martha does not want to tell on her sister, and so she and Harold Crapp quarrel.

Soon after this, Mrs. Moss receives a telegram from Millington summoning her to the court in Sydney.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE COURT IS ASTONISHED

JOHN MILLINGTON went to the court that morning with a heavy heart.

Candler had taken action sooner than he expected, and he was quite unprepared. He had only been able to gather a few items of information regarding a second John Austin, as he called himself, who had been in the neighbourhood of Narenita some years before. Fortunately, he had been able to secure a preliminary hearing before the judge in chambers, and he hoped that some point might be presented in the examination upon which he could seize, but he was at a decided disadvantage. He had not the faintest idea of the results of Candler's researches, for though that worthy was an inveterate gossip and blatherskite, he had kept away from Millington, and the latter had heard nothing of his plans.

The judge who had presided in the case, "The Crown *v.* Dingle," was also to hear this cause, and he smiled as he looked at the young lawyer. "Have you another startling surprise for us, Mr. Millington?" he asked pleasantly. "Millington's sur-

prises' will go down in the annals of the law."

John blushed and bowed. "I hardly know yet what I shall have to bring before your honour," he replied. He looked at his watch. If Mrs. Moss took a cab she should be here in less than ten minutes, he thought, and that would allow him time to glance over the papers and see if they were of any value. He rested all upon them, and trusted he should not be disappointed. He delayed the preliminaries as much as possible, but no Mrs. Moss appeared.

That lady in the meantime arrived in Sydney, and hailed a cab. "Drive me to the court," she said.

"What court?" asked the driver naturally.

Here was a quandary at the very outset. She looked at her telegram, but no court was mentioned therein. "It's the court where the claim to the John Austin estates is to be tried," she answered.

"I ain't 'eard on it, ma'am," replied Jehu, tilting back his hat.

"Well, drive to all the courts there are, and don't lose any time," and she got in.

As might be expected, they drove to the

John Austin's Will

wrong places, and it seemed as if she were never to find the place she wanted. She could hardly believe it possible that one could be so thoroughly lost in Sydney. She was at the Darlinghurst court, and knew not now where to go. A young lawyer standing there noticed her look of anxiety. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he said.

"Can you tell me where the case, the claim to the John Austin estates, is being tried?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Who has the case in hand?" he said presently.

"Mr. Millington," and she handed the telegram to him.

He glanced at it, and said, "It's not being tried. It's being examined before the judge in chambers," and he gave her the address.

"I have already been there, and they did not know," she replied.

"Perhaps you asked where it was being tried. If so that's where the mistake was. You had better make haste, or you will be too late."

Poor John Millington was on tenter-hooks. As Candler's lawyer unfolded his claims, and Mrs. Moss did not appear, he became more and more distressed. He felt it was a difficulty to listen to what was being said. The case would certainly have to come before the full court, and what should he do? Still, while there was life there was hope. Candler certainly did seem to prove that his grandmother's name was Austin, and that her brother, John Austin, was in the neighbourhood of Narenita in 18—. Of this he had certain evidence. "The said John Austin, brother of Mrs. Martha Ann Budge, *née* Austin, was the grand-uncle of my client, and the owner of the Narenita run at the time, it having been duly granted to him," said the lawyer in a drawing, professional tone. "We have the documents here to substantiate our claim," and then he went on to enumerate the character and the extent of the late John Austin's property.

When he sat down John Millington arose with a glance at the door, and began to clear his throat. He took as long over this operation as he decently could, but no lady with the papers appeared. "Your honour," he began, "the John Austin referred to by my learned friend, as the brother of the highly respected Mrs. Budge, was not identical with the late owner of Narenita. That gentleman was an only child, so there-

fore could not have been the brother of the said Mrs. Martha Ann Budge," and he tapped the table with a paper he held in his hand. "The John Austin to which my friend refers was a gentleman on ticket-of-leave at one time. Was it not so?"

"Yes," replied Geeves the lawyer.

"Very good. Your honour will be perfectly aware that ticket-of-leave men in those days did not receive grants of land, no matter how exemplary they were, of the nature and extent of the Narenita holding. Another matter my friend has evidently overlooked. The late owner of Narenita was a free man."

"He was not," interjected the other.

John Millington bowed. "Again, John Austin, the late owner of the run, did not receive it as a grant. He inherited it from his mother, a free woman, who received it as a grant from the Crown some short time before her death."

Geeves gasped.

"That the John Austin claimed by the plaintiff as his grand-uncle was on the Narenita station for a time, I grant; a very short time, your honour. He was convicted of cattle-dumping and lost his ticket-of-leave, ending his days some years ago in Her Majesty's gaol in this city. The late owner of the said holding died in my presence on his own estate of Narenita only a few months since."

"It is not true," replied Geeves in a fury. "Your honour, the late owner of Narenita and the other properties enumerated in the schedule, died unmarried—"

"He did not," interrupted a lady's voice, and Mrs. Moss entered the court.

Every one turned and saw the lady standing in the doorway.

"That man is not telling the truth. I am in time, after all," she exclaimed, going up to Millington and handing him the papers she carried in her hand.

"Bow to his honour," whispered the young lawyer, as she bent over to him.

She turned and bowed to the judge, who smiled most graciously upon her. "As I expected, Mr. Millington. More surprises for us. Another old trunk?" he said, smiling.

"No, sir, an old tea-tin this time. Will your honour allow this lady to give her evidence?"

He bowed, and Mrs. Moss made her statement simply and quietly. "You will find all the documents there, together with

John Austin's Will

Mr. Hawke's depositions as to his finding them," she said in conclusion. "He made the declaration before a J.P., as you will see. I have done everything in a legal way, Mr. Millington," at which the court smiled, and his honour gallantly expressed his admiration of the lady's intelligence.

"The matter need not go before the court," he said, turning to Candler's lawyer. "You have no case, as you must see."

Candler sat biting his finger-nails. "It's all up," whispered his legal adviser in his ear. "That woman has spoilt it all."

"I'll make you a present of your grand-uncle," said John Millington, gathering up his papers, "though you will hardly feel proud of him, I fancy. You will find his further history in the criminal records of the colony, and you will see he was never John Austin Ashcroft, late of Narenita."

The court broke up, and his honour shook hands with Mrs. Moss. Turning to the young lawyer, he said, "It's better to be born lucky than rich, my friend. This is bound to get into the papers, and your future is assured."

"Can you pay the cabman for me?" said Mrs. Moss as they left the room. "He is waiting outside. I had not enough to pay him. We had such a jaunt to find the place."

While at dinner in the restaurant to which John Millington took her she gave him a full account of her trip.

"You will stay a few days in town, I suppose?" he said. "I would like you to meet my people. My eldest sister leaves next week for England."

"Thank you, but I must go back to-morrow. You see, I am teaching Mrs. Greenlands' children, and it's not the holidays yet. I am going out to Bondi to stay the night with an aunt, and I would like to have a run round and look at the shops some time to-morrow, though I have spent all my money," she replied.

"You will receive out of the estate all your costs to which you have been put in this case. If you come round to my office now I will give you the amount at once."

"Thank you very much. I wonder if Miss Reid is in town. I should very much like to see her. I do wish you could meet her, she is such a nice girl. By the way, while I think of it, Mr. Millington, I wonder if I could possibly buy back Mr. Austin's old chair, picture, and sideboard. I would so like to have them again."

"I am afraid not," replied John. "The last I heard of them, they had been taken to England. I wanted a chair for my office, and I took a sudden desire to have that one, although I hardly think it would be very comfortable. I never sat in it."

"I did. It stood, as you know, by the side of the old gentleman's bed, and I was sitting in it when he said he would like me to have it. It had belonged to his mother. I ought to have claimed it before the sale, but I was too crushed at the time to think about anything. But I interrupted you. I beg your pardon."

"No, I had finished. I made inquiries, and found the furniture and picture had gone to England, that was all. It is strange we never hear anything of the will. I did hope it had been among the papers Hawke found, but as you did not send it or mention it I knew it could not be. I have lost all hope of its ever turning up."

"I haven't," replied the lady with spirit. "I trust in God, and He will do right. I have always proved it."

Then they parted.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"MEN ARE FOOLS, MADE ONLY TO BE THE SPORT OF WOMEN"

EDWARD RUTTER was book-keeper on the Coruna run. He was a handsome young fellow, of medium height, about twenty-seven years of age. He was a strange mixture of wonderful strength and contemptible weakness. Persons were at first struck by his seeming strength of character, mind, and purpose, and looked upon him as a young man of exceptional promise; only to find on further acquaintance that he was lamentably weak, and disappointing. He could at times be strong and outspoken, and at others he had not the courage to call his soul his own.

His face and figure had impressed the imagination of Sophia Fielding, and when one evening she heard him stoutly maintain his opinion in spite of a whole roomful of people, she deemed him to be a veritable hero. A state-child had been detected stealing eggs from his master, and eating them. The company present had advocated his being sent to gaol, but Rutter stood up for the child, and pleaded on its behalf, urging mercy. The girl was filled with admiration for him, and went back to her school in Sydney her mind glowing with bright fancies. She saw too that he had



THE MOONLIGHT STREAMED ALL AROUND THEM

been impressed by her manner and beauty. She said nothing to any one, and hugged her happiness to herself. She came home determined to see all she could of him, and

to put him to the test. In character and disposition she was the most like her mother of the three, and the least refined. She was headstrong, proud, and ambitious,

John Austin's Will

with a vein of vulgarity running through her nature. Had she been a man she would have become a leader among her fellows. Her sex handicapped her, she felt, and she chafed at the thought. Her beauty was of a similar type to that of her sisters. Some deemed it more dazzlingly brilliant than that of the other two, but her face bore an impress of hardness and boldness not found on theirs. She gave one the impression that she could and would stoop to anything to gain her ends, and would spare no one who stood in her way. She thought in Rutter she had met her master, and the high-mettled girl was prepared to obey him. With this feeling in her heart she went to the Coruna dance, sure that he would be there.

As chance would have it, it was one of his seasons of weakness, and she was disgusted. He was shifty and small, and all her nature rose up against him. She was enraged with herself that she should have been so mistaken in her ideal. She made a resolve to punish him, and put on an air of such softness and womanliness that he was over head and ears in love with her before the dance was over. As they walked across the paddock to the supper-room he led her towards the creek. The moonlight streamed all round them, making everything so dreamy and romantic. He asked her gently if she would give up bushranging for his sake.

"Would you like me less if I did not?" she said sweetly.

"I don't know," he answered lamely, and she darted a glance at him which if the poor fool had seen would have been his annihilation. Then she spoke in a way which certainly startled his weak nerves. The next moment she was all childlike innocence and simplicity. She was a strange girl, there was no doubt of it.

Mary's statement of what she had overheard mollified her feelings towards the young man considerably, and she was kinder in her treatment of him in consequence.

He for his part was quite enthralled, and during the period of her sister's short engagement, pressed his suit with great intensity. The sudden departure of the family nonplussed him. He could not understand it at all, and made every inquiry as to their whereabouts. Poor simpleton, he did not know that the more the girl had seen of him the more she hated him, and

despised herself for ever making a hero of him. She loathed herself for ever thinking that she had met in him her mate.

Meanwhile he determined, as he elegantly put it, "to stalk them down," and haunted the deserted homestead. His efforts were crowned with success, and he obtained the information he sought. He was surprised one afternoon to see the house-door standing open, and he hurried up. Just as he reached the gate a man came out on to the verandah. "Hullo," shouted Rutter, "the family back?"

"No," replied the man, turning to another room, which formed one end of the verandah.

"What's on?"

"There's to be a sale. I'm taking an inventory," and he made some entries in a note-book. "There are some bills there," indicating a bundle by the door.

Rutter went in and picked one up. He saw it bore the name of a Talworth auctioneer, and the next day rode over to the town to make inquiries. As fortune would have it, he met Sophia herself coming out of the auctioneer's office with her mother. He greeted them warmly, quite unconscious that the lady was wishing him at Gladesville¹ or some other such place. A wicked thought entered her mind, and she set about carrying it into execution. He was so elated at having found them that he did not notice the strange glances Sophy darted at him every now and again. Had he done so he would not have fallen into the trap she laid, and into which he entered so readily.

"I will not come in now, mother," she said, as they reached their lodgings. "I will go for a walk as far as Flirtation Hill." She knew he would be obliged to follow her. The old lady went in, and the two strolled slowly along to Talworth's favourite walk. He began by upbraiding her in a weakly manner for having left "Moonlight" so mysteriously. "It was so foolish," he said, "it has made people talk."

"Never mind people's talk," and she looked at him wittingly. She was not going to let him go yet—she intended to have satisfaction for his having caused her to make such a fool of herself. By the time they reached the hill he was pouring out the story of his love in passionate tones. Often she interrupted him, now to

¹ Lunatic Asylum.

declare that a stone had struck her foot, now to exclaim at the beauty of some parrots which flitted by, each time looking up at him with such a winning, innocent expression that he was positively bewitched. He led the way to a seat, but she wilfully passed it, and he was forced to lead her to another. The scene was very calm and pretty, the Australian Pastoral Association's lands spreading out before them.

"Darling, my darling," he cried, "tell me——"

She dropped her sunshade and it went rolling down the slope. Common courtesy demanded that he should go in quest of it. She sat on the seat, and almost shrieked with laughter at the figure he cut going down the hill. "This is the man I considered my mate," she sneered to herself. "What a fool." When he slipped and went sprawling she shrieked outright with merriment.

He turned and looked up at her reproachfully. She was standing with her hands clasped as if in great alarm. "Are you hurt——" and she checked herself, blushing so sweetly that he would gladly have made a fool of himself a dozen times over to win that look and those words again. He scrambled up hot and flushed, and gave her the sunshade. She received it with such a soft, sweet grace that he felt he was more than repaid for all his trouble. "How nice it must be to be a man, so strong and powerful, and able to do everything," she said gently.

"Darling, men are made to be the slaves of lovely woman," and he tried to take her hand.

"Men are made to be the sport of women," she flashed upon him.

They sat for a while in silence; she giving him time to wonder what her words might mean. "What is the matter with Matt and that Narenita fellow?" she asked presently.

"I don't know, but I think they have had a quarrel," he replied.

"I know that, but what is it over?"

"I cannot say, of course, but I fancy it was because she bailed up Mr. Greenlands and that Sydney man," he said.

"Matt bail them up!" and she gave vent to the laughter which had been so long convulsing her. "I wonder if she knows he thinks it of her."

"But she was out, wasn't she?"

"No, she wasn't;" and as he drew

back she said so sweetly, "Matt gave her word that she would not go out, and a Fielding always keeps her word. It was Mary and I who bailed them up. Mary's arm was grazed by a bullet from that goat's revolver. She thought at first she was shot in real earnest. I shall always carry my revolver loaded in future."

"You wouldn't shoot a man, would you?" he said, astonished at the calmness with which she spoke.

"Readily, if I wanted to. But it is too bad for poor Matt to be blamed for what we did. I have a good mind to ride over and see this Crapp man, though if he doubts her word he is not worthy of her, and she is better off without him."

"But I saw your sister myself that night," he persisted.

"Did you play spy upon her?" she hissed between her teeth.

"No, I was down at Mr. Greenlands' and saw her ride by."

"Were you talking to Mr. Greenlands?"

"Yes."

"Then, you idiot, it could not have been the same night that they were stuck up, for he drove the lawyer to Talworth himself. Matt was not out at all that evening. When we reached home she attended to Poll's arm, and slept in her room with her for company."

"I must have made a mistake somehow."

"I suppose you told Mr. Crapp you saw her," she said, with sudden energy.

"I did, and I must explain it to him," he replied.

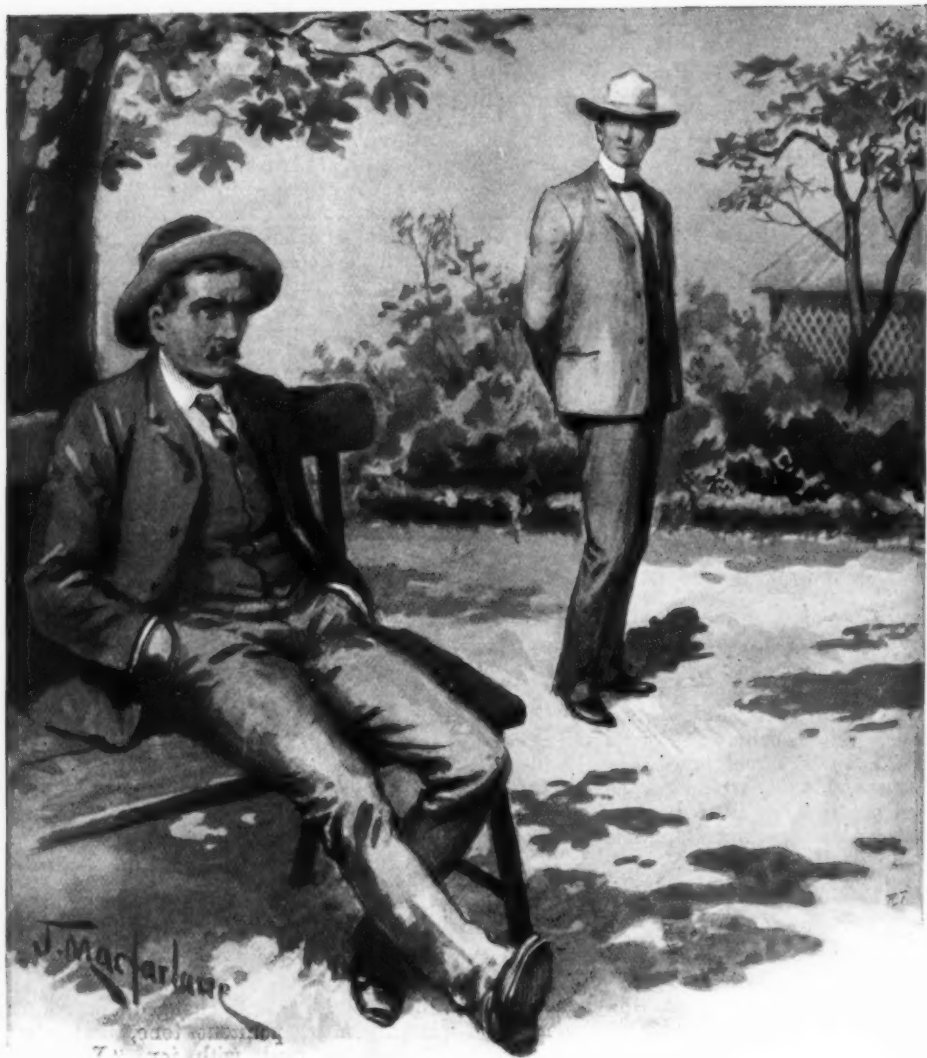
Had there been a loaded revolver handy she certainly would have shot him, she was so enraged. But suddenly she remembered she had not yet finished with him. Instantly her mood changed, and she said in a gentle, penitent tone, that almost drove him mad with joy, "You meant no harm, did you?"

He drew nearer to her, at which she shuddered, though she gave him a look that drew him still nearer. "Sophie, my darling, my life, I love you," he cried passionately, trying to take her in his arms. "Be my wife, my own!"

"You would not marry a girl like me, would you? I am so full of faults," and a sparkle of sweet mischief gleamed in her eyes.

"My love, my love, I would marry you were your faults a thousand times greater than they are."

John Austin's Will



HE CAME UPON EDWARD RUTTER LOOKING DISCONSOLATELY AT THE EMPTY HOUSE

"Suppose I wanted to go out sometimes, what then?" and she looked up with her beautiful dark eyes filled with a liquid light of love.

"Darling, you would not wish to. We should be so happy together, that you would give up such folly," and he threw his arms around her.

"Would I?" she cried, her frame quivering, and she struck him across the face.

He started back bewildered. "What do you mean?" he panted angrily.

"I mean you are a fool, and had better go. I have had my amusement of you," and she would have struck him again, but he drew back in time. "Do you think I would mate with you—with you?" she returned in ineffable scorn; "the kangaroo mate with the mouse, the emu with the crow! Go, go, or I will fling you down the hill."

John Austin's Will

"Do you forget that I am a man?" he gasped.

"Yes, men are fools, made to be the sport of women," and she walked calmly away.

The sale took place. Rutter bought everything he had seen Sophy use, that he might take it to his home and wreak his petty spite upon it.

The day following Harold Crapp rode over to the old homestead. It looked more desolate than ever, the windows without blinds and curtains. He tied up his horse and walked round the house. On a seat under a broad fig-tree which had been one of the favourite spots of the family, and where they had often taken their afternoon tea together, he came upon Edward Rutter looking disconsolately at the empty house.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter! I can't leave this detested place," replied Rutter savagely.

"Were you bitten too?" thought Harold Crapp to himself; aloud he said, "They were remarkable girls."

"Girls!" shouted his companion. "They are not girls, but beautiful fiends, sent to drive us men distractingly mad. By the way, Crapp, I made a mistake some little time ago. Miss Matt Fielding did not stick up those fellows that time. She was not there."

"Are you sure?" asked Harold, white to the lips.

"Quite. It was Sophy and Mary who bailed them up. Mary's arm was grazed by the bullet, but was not seriously hurt. Sophy told me herself, so I am sure it is true."

"But you said you saw Miss Fielding yourself as you stood outside Mr. Greenlands' fence, on the night of the outrage."

"I did, and that's where I made the mistake. It was the Wednesday night, not the Sunday night. I mixed them up somehow. I was talking to Mr. Greenlands at the time she passed, so it could not have been that night, because he was on his way to Talworth when the sticking-up took place. I don't know how I made the mistake. Besides, Sophy told me that Miss Fielding was at home when they returned, and attended at once to her sister's arm."

"Oh, this is awful," groaned Harold, turning away. How cruelly he had misjudged her, and how nobly she had borne his reproaches! "Oh, Matt, Matt!" he cried in the depths of his heart. Hers *must* have

been the footprints by the rose-bush; and he began to realise what a prize he had lost in his foolish, headstrong blindness.

CHAP. XIX.—JOHN MILLINGTON'S JOURNEY TO GOLGOLGOA

AT last John Millington was able to get away from Sydney and start for Golgolgoa. He sent word to Mr. Dingle, who was, if possible, to meet him at Orama, the farthest distance the train went in his direction. He started off cheerfully enough, having no idea of what was before him.

There was the usual crowd of people at the Redfern station to see the train off, besides the passengers by it. The compartment was full, but after leaving Jugela he was alone. The scenery on both sides of the line was not very varied, bush-trees and scrub, broken only where selections had been taken up, the land cleared and put under crops or pasture.

At Langley, after a run of ninety miles, he had to change. Here he managed to get a cup of tea, for which he was very thankful, as he was feeling both hungry and thirsty.

Presently he was entering upon the great plains of the Riverina, that wonderful feature of the Australian continent.

"The man or woman in Australia who has not been on the Riverina has not seen Australia, and does not know what it is," said an Australian-born divine who had travelled far and wide, and his statement is true. There they are—vast oceans of sand stretching away from Gin Gin on the east to Westralia on the west, from Charlton in the south to Queensland in the north, crossed by the Darling, Murray and Barcoo rivers. Vast oceans of sand broken in parts by the mallee-country, but for the most part sparsely dotted with salt-bush, that strange product provided by nature where grass is so scarce, and water equally so; a provision made by nature on which sheep and cattle not only live and thrive, but also fatten, although its whitened, dry appearance would give one the impression there was no life in it. Vast oceans of sand, upon which the mirage may often be observed: a great grey waste of loose soil driven here and there, so loose and impalpable that it cannot be seen as it is carried along in the air, and yet which grits between the teeth and the joints of the body. Vast oceans of desolate-looking regions

John Austin's Will

of death stretching away boundless and awe-inspiring, and yet which are full of beautiful and varied life. Seeing them in times of drought one could not believe any vegetable life save that of the salt-bush existed here. No germ of life could possibly be present, and yet after the infrequent rains those vast oceans of sand are clothed with a vesture of the most beautiful green which springs up like Jonah's gourd, and, like Jonah's gourd, as speedily fades away. A strange country verily, with rivers the banks of which are as dry and grassless as the most distant reaches. The air over these plains is wonderfully light and dry, and though the temperature may be over a hundred degrees, the heat is not at all unbearable.

The train arrived at Orama, and John Millington found a message awaiting him, stating with regret that Mr. Dingle was unable to arrange for relays of horses, without which the journey could not be performed. He had however given instructions for the coach to bring him on to Neilpo, where he would certainly meet him with the buggy.

Millington was very favourably impressed with Orama, which, though on these great sandy plains so far from Sydney, is a fine and increasing town. Subject as it is to the terrible dust-storms—Darling snow-storms as they are termed—at certain seasons of the year, it nevertheless has a busy, go-ahead air about it, and will eventually become one of the great emporiums of the west.

After a good, well-served, toothsome breakfast John Millington climbed on to the box-seat of the coach behind four good horses, and was soon bowling gaily along. The outskirts of the town were speedily left behind, and the great plains rolled around them. It was quite a new experience to our young friend, and he gazed upon it with eager interest. To him it was one vast scene of desolation.

The first stopping-place was Jerilligoe. Here while the horses were being changed lunch was served in the hotel (a slab building), and our hero went into the dining-room, interested in all that was to be seen. The room was long and narrow, floored with rough unplanned slabs of wood, a ceiling of calico rather water-stained, indicating only too plainly that the roof above was not altogether water-tight. The walls of slabs were covered with old sack-

ing, upon which newspapers had been pasted. The long table stood in the centre of the room, and was of unplanned slabs not too closely nor too evenly joined together, and fitted with legs of undressed saplings fastened to the floor. On both sides of the table were benches of the same construction and style (slabs and saplings), while against the walls were Austrian bent-wood chairs, evidently not meant to be moved, they were so shaky. On one side of the room stood a bush-sofa with arms at either end, and between the two windows was the main article of furniture, a pine sideboard safe with perforated zinc sides and long spindly legs. These stood in sardine-tins in which had recently been water. Evidently ants were troublesome, and these were the means employed to prevent their getting into the safe. Over this as over the couch were old crochet antimacassars, and on it stood ornaments of all descriptions, very common tumblers and a general assortment of odds and ends. In one corner by the side of the large, open, grateless fireplace was a round table pushed against the wall to aid in keeping it up. This was evidently the place of honour, the household shrine. Here were the family portrait-gallery, the family Bible and Prayer-book, the prizes won by the children at school, and the more cherished ornaments, some of which had come from the old country with the original heads of the family long, long years ago. Once every three months these articles were all packed away, when the table became the book-rest for the clergyman who here held service. On the wall over the high mantelpiece, filled with a nondescript assortment of old toys, boxes, china figures, and paper flowers, hung an unframed picture of Her Majesty our late Queen in resplendent colours and dress, which would have amused and astonished that noble lady had she seen it. Go where you will—in the far-distant bush, from the squatter's homestead to the shepherd's lonely single-room hut; in the city halls and squares—representations of Her Majesty will be seen, some of them most marvellous to behold. On the wall over the sofa was a coloured portrait of the late Sir Henry Parkes, N.S.W., grand old man, flanked on the one side with a brightly-coloured representation of Captain Cook's landing in the colony—Botany Bay; and on the other side by an almanac portrait of Mr. Gladstone.

The table was already spread for the



THE DRIVER TOOK HIS ACCUSTOMED SEAT AT THE END OF THE TABLE AND CARVED

feast. A strip of unbleached calico not over clean served as a table-cloth. The plate was veritable pewter with no pretensions to being anything else. The centre-piece was a large revolving cruet of doubtful character. The mustard having often been replenished without the trouble of washing, the pot had the appearance of stratified rock; the vinegar was cloudy; the sauce muddy; and the pepper most peculiar-looking. Several common glass dishes filled with a fluid substance called jam (!) stood about the table, and a larger dish with pieces of very bilious-looking cake graced one end. Over this

was thrown a small crochet mat to protect from the flies, as if any fly, however foolish, would endanger its digestive organs by partaking of the compound. A glass jug of by no means clear or colourless water stood by the side of the cruet. Small salt-cellars of salt very suggestive of the grey sandy plains outside were placed here and here.

The rest of the passengers now came in; a very fat woman with two very thin children, two men (evidently canvassers), and the driver. The first course was at once served. It consisted of very hard salt

John Austin's Will

mutton boiled, in a sea of tasteless gravy, flanked with hard, black-looking potatoes and watery pumpkin, or what was supposed to be pumpkin, though to our hero it appeared to be unsweetened vegetable jam,—it was very like that in the glass dishes designated by the name. The bread was dark and heavy, and John Millington regretted it was not good damper.¹ That would have been preferable, for he felt he could not eat what was placed before him. The driver took his accustomed seat at the end of the table and carved.

The first course having been removed, the gentle-handed Phyllis placed the second course upon the table, viz. a watery rice-pudding, and a peach pie, the crust of which had fallen in. Tea was now served, a weak decoction of musty-tasting water, with which condensed milk was used. As there was no butter to be obtained in the district, the so-called jam was pushed forward. For this the modest sum of half-a-crown was charged; still the passengers seemed to enjoy it, the lady of large dimensions especially.

In that usual desultory, apathetic style in which the lowest registers of the voice are used, the news from various parts was tendered, and was not over-exciting, consisting mainly of "Had any rain up Neilpo way?" "No, the river's almost dry, and the stock's dying fast."

John went on to the verandah to watch the horses being put in. He was amused to see the mail strapped on to the back of the coach, the loose bags for the stations and wayside places being carried in the box under the front seat. Into the coach, which contained two seats with hard leather cushions upon them, were crowded, besides the fat woman and two thin children aforesaid, the passengers' personal impedimenta—two bags of chaff, a number of packages of various sizes, a bundle of harness, some axes, a basket, and last, but not least, a small live calf with its four legs tied together. The other two passengers occupied the box-seat with Mr. Millington.

The coach was not furnished with windows, but was open at the sides, down which, in case of rain, or if the sun should be too hot, curtains of leather could be unrolled. These of course were up.

"All aboard?" called out the driver, and once more they were off.

¹ "Damper" is the bread of the bush—cakes of flour and water baked in hot ashes.

Late in the afternoon they drew up at Waratah. This was a pretty spot, a pleasant island in the vast ocean of sand. A cluster of high eucalyptus cast a grateful shade, and the land sloped towards the river, which here made a bend. The tea was a repetition of the lunch almost article for article, and the young lawyer began to wonder if the Riverinians subsisted entirely on this kind of food. If so they could not suffer from indigestion, or they would assuredly die, he concluded. The same charge was made as before.

"Rather dark-looking mutton," observed John as he settled himself on the box. The driver smiled; while one of the passengers, evidently an old stager, ejaculated, "Old man goat mutton," and relapsed into silence.

The sun sank to rest in glorious splendour, casting long shadows across the plain. Overhead the sky was a glowing ultramarine, deepening away towards the east into a crimson-purple, while in the west it lightened off into a pale yellowy-green, merging into a rich oriental orange, in which the sun hung like a large disc of living gold. Just above it, a rich rolled-up curtain of a royal maroon, heavy and beautiful, waiting to be lowered, was a small band of cloud tipped with burnished gold where it turned towards the setting sun, a vision of celestial beauty. The sunsets of Australia are pictures of magnificent grandeur.

As the sun dropped below the horizon the grey of the evening became silvery and spectral. Had strange ethereal figures come floating over the plains Millington would not have been at all surprised, everything seemed to be of another world, not of this. He watched as the darkness, deepening over that dread silence, enfolded them in witching mystery.

It was one in the morning when they arrived at Moonbi. As they were to start again in two hours' time, John did not go to bed, but sat with a good-sized group of people round a big, roaring, unnecessary fire. First one said something in a low, drawling, inquiring tone, and then another replied in exactly the same accents, and so the conversation went on, mainly about sheep and horses, with a question or two relative to news in Orama and Neilpo.

At three they were once more on their journey. The sun arose with all the glory of an Eastern potentate, and the distant

John Austin's Will

objects seemed near. Australia has no atmosphere as understood by artists, hence its scenes are very different to those of Old England. Landscapes glow in beauty, every detail appealing for recognition.

They stopped for breakfast at a wayside hotel. All inns in Australia are termed hotels, whether of saplings and bagging, or palatial edifices of stone and marble.

John Millington fancied he recognised the same articles of food and furniture he had found in all the hotels ever since he left Orama. They seemed to be following him. Here he was to change coaches, and was the only passenger going in that particular direction. The two coaches started together and ran side by side for some ten miles. There were no made roads. Bad places had been repaired with logs, and over these the coaches jolted unpleasantly. At length a solitary sign-post appeared standing in the centre of a trackless plain. It seemed strangely useless and unnecessary in that out-of-the way place. It reminded him of his ideas as a small boy at school when he began to learn geography, and wondered in his childish way whether the oceans had sign-posts bearing their names standing in them. This solitary, lonely post seemed to be as needless as they would be. It possessed sixteen arms like the spokes of a wheel, though how a traveller would follow the exact road indicated by any one of them was a matter of conjecture. He felt as if he would like to throw it down, a blot upon the world, an article unneeded, solitary and useless. Who put it there?

The coaches now turned off into opposite directions, and the Neilpo coach entered upon some of the large enclosed runs, necessitating the opening and closing of gates. At one of these they picked up two gentlemen who had driven down from one of the stations to meet the coach as it passed through.

While crossing these holdings Millington saw sights he had hardly believed possible. Round the nearly dried water-holes were numbers of sheep bogged, some already dead, others dying, all too weak to drag themselves out of the gluey mire. Hundreds of crows were gathered, and had begun to tear out the eyes and to pick holes in various parts of the bodies of the still living animals. The coach stopped and the passengers alighted. Driving off the crows they pulled out the stronger of the wretched animals and set them once more on their

legs. The rest were left to die. The young fellow counted some forty-seven of the poor creatures, though whether they would live was a matter of very grave doubt.

In the Melbourne Art Gallery is a beautiful, pathetic picture illustrative of such a scene as this, the time being winter. The dying lamb is lying there, the mother sheep bleating protectingly over it, her breath visible on the cold air, while flocks of crows, clustering thickly around, watch with keen eye for the moment to attack. "Anguish" it is well termed, and the scene is enacted over and over again, not only in winter, but also in summer, by the side of the fast-emptying tanks and the drying water-holes on the Riverina. The young lawyer felt quite sick, and he hated crows from that day.

"The crows are awful," said the driver, handing the reins to John for a moment or two while he cut himself some tobacco.

On, on they went till they came to a little stockyard standing in the middle of the plain. Not a habitation of any kind was to be seen. Here they changed horses, a wooden-legged man waiting with the relay. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the passengers, barely exchanging a few words with the driver.

Just as the shades of evening fell they reached the banks of the Murray, across which they with the mails were ferried in a small boat, the coach and horses being left on this side. They made their way up the bank, and found they were at the little township of Rochester. Here they were to spend the night. For tea the young lawyer was pleased indeed to find the accommodation far and away better than he had hoped. On the table were fowls, both boiled and baked, the former tough, reminding one of stringy bark; the other tender and toothsome. Needless to say he enjoyed the latter and made a good meal. He was thankful, too, to find his sleeping accommodation clean, wholesome, and comfortable.

After tea he went for a stroll round the township. There is one thing about Australian townships not enjoyed by small places in the Old World. No matter how small they may be, only a hotel and a store, there is always the delightful uncertainty of their future. They may at any time blossom out into cities large and beautiful. One never knows. They may awake some morning and find themselves immense; churches,

John Austin's Will

hotels, railways, public buildings and pretty suburbs all complete. Look at Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, indeed any of the great cities, and read their histories. They are all of the briefest; only of yesterday. So it may be with the veriest insignificant township in the colony, especially now that Federation has opened up new possibilities.

He met the local school-master, pipe in mouth, coming down for his mail, and the two entered into conversation. "There is nothing to see here," said the resident. "It's a wretched place. I've been here five years, and wish I could get out of it to-morrow. I have applied for a remove long ago, but the Government's so desperately slow. The people are a lot of boors. I told the kids the other day that they did not understand anything, nor their parents either. I told them pretty straight that I am far above them and theirs. Fancy there's a great to-do over it, and the folks threaten to report me. They watch the teacher with a jealous eye, and are eager to report a chap on the least chance."

"Who are the chief people here?" said John.

"Ah, that's the question. Of course I consider myself as such. I am a Government official, you see." John bowed gravely. "Then there's the doctor and his wife. He's always on the booze, and she's a regular stuck-up cat. Cut my wife the other night at the concert here. Then there's the parson and his wife. He can't preach to save his life, and is always saying what he shouldn't. Nobody likes them, and the folks are trying to starve them out. Then there's Paddy Ryan and his wife at the store, but they are no good. Moons, of the hotel, don't count, nor any of the rest. It's a hole; one needn't wish to stay here. You go on by the coach to-morrow, don't you?"

"This seems to be a very *small* place," said the lawyer, with an inflection in his voice which the school-master failed to understand.

"It is," he replied. "This is the school-house, and that's where I hang out. The department treats us disgracefully. The house is most inconvenient, the chimneys smoke, and as for the school itself,—well, there it is, and the outside is the best part about it, but it's no use saying anything. One has to grin and bear it. That's just what I have done all these years."

"Plenty of time and quiet for study, I should think."

"Oh, one tires of that."

"What time does the mail close?" said John, wishing his self-constituted guide would take himself off.

"My word, I'd almost forgotten," puffing out a great cloud of tobacco-smoke. "I shall be late. I must scoot. So-long," and to Millington's infinite relief he hurried away down the street.

John walked on and found it was a very scattered little place of about eighty inhabitants, comprising a store, the hotel, a blacksmith's shop, a small wooden lock-up, and one or two houses along the main road, constituting the town proper, the rest of the dwellings being dotted about at some distance from one another. He walked on in the darkness. It was intensely quiet, and the young city-man was obliged to confess that life in such a place must be little better than mere existence.

Soon after seven the next morning they were on their way once more, and entered the rabbit-infested district. As far as the eye could reach the whole country seemed alive with these wretched little animals. Introduced into the colonies, they have become a curse, and increase enormously. Station after station has been abandoned, and whole districts given over to them. Expedients of all kinds have been tried to cope with them, but as yet in vain. The remedy for really exterminating them has still to be discovered. Some enterprising individuals have tried to create an industry in them, and to open a market in England, but the venture is by no means promising. Government has spent thousands on the matter, and there is little to show for the vast expenditure. Not a few of those distant people are employed rabbiting. That is, Government pays them for the scalps of the little pests. This is hardly expected to be an extermination, for none of the rabbiters will be so patriotic as to wish to find themselves in the position of Othello—their occupation gone.

The passengers denounced the curse, as was only natural, seeing the state of the country, and each was provided with a remedy, which, if the Government would only take up, paying for the idea, of course, must prove an abundant success—to themselves, doubtless; whether to the salvation of the districts is quite another matter.

The most unique idea was one enunciated

by an old gentleman who was old enough to have known better. He advocated the use of electricity.

"Electricity?" cried his fellow-passengers, wondering how it could be carried out in the distant bush.

"Yes," replied the would-be genius. "Wires should be laid down all over the runs, with plates here and there. As the animal stepped on these plates it would receive a shock, killing it easily. The dead bodies could remain on the ground and be for——"

"The crows," broke in the driver.

"For manure," ignoring the interruption.

"But the animals would not go on to the plates. They would grow shy and avoid them," said one of the passengers.

"Put them on to the plates then," replied the brilliant inventor.

"That would take more men than are now employed as rabbiters," remarked the driver.

"A splendid solution of the unemployed difficulty," interjected John. "Why not suggest this view of it to the Government? It would help them out of a great difficulty. Kill two birds with one stone, in fact."

"The thing is unworkable," replied the driver, who was a shrewd, long-headed young fellow. "Look at the expense for plant, and of moving it from place to place. Besides, while you were moving it about the animals would be increasing again. No, it won't do."

"Yes, it will," replied the originator warmly. "Government should take it up. You see, the dead bodies——"

"Whew!" cried every one, clapping thumb and finger to their noses as a noisome smell came wafted on the breeze. "What's that, skipper?"

"The dead bodies of the rabbits," with a sly glance at the would-be electrician. "They laid poisoned bait on the run over yonder to get rid of the rabbits, and it got rid of the folks too. The stench drove them out." "It's awful," exclaimed every one, and the genius said no more about dead rabbits and natural manure. Crows rose in thousands as they drew nearer the deserted run, and the paddock was black with them, while the caw, caw was almost deafening. On they went, nearly suffocated with the smell, and right glad were they when the wind grew fresher,

the further they got away from the foul place.¹

They changed horses at a roadside hotel kept by an old couple, where there seemed to be no other house or habitation for miles round. The place presented the same peculiarities as all the bush hotels they had passed, the only thing being that instead of the eternal goat-mutton some very ancient, cold roast turkey was brought in and placed upon the table. As it had already been cut, many of the travellers shrewdly suspected it had done duty for visitors before their own arrival, and the odour was reminiscent of the deserted run recently passed. Still with a little sauce it was not so bad, at least so the hungry concluded. John, however, could not touch it, and tried to make a meal of the potatoes, pumpkin, and some very dry cheese. The pudding of the usual rice he could not touch. He caught sight of the old lady's hands; that was sufficient, his appetite was gone.

"There's no other meat," she observed as John refused the fowl. "I haven't any."

Mr. Dingle waited for them by the bridge over the Neilpo river, and apologised to our hero for not being able to get to Orama to meet him. "Don't mention it," cried John, shaking him by the hand. "I had no idea one would have such a journey after leaving the railway."

"I hope you enjoyed it," said the squatter.

"Gloriously," replied the lawyer enthusiastically. "It has been a wonderful experience. Everybody in Australia who can should make a trip here. They don't know Australia until they have done so."

"We'll put up at the Crown and Sceptre. It's a comfortable place, and I always put up at it when I come in," remarked his friend as they left the stopping-place.

After tea, as it was still light, the two friends took a walk round. Neilpo is a clean-looking, well-laid-out township of some twelve hundred souls. The streets are at right angles to one another, cutting it up into large squares. All the footpaths are lined with shade trees, giving it a cool, pretty effect. There are four churches

¹ This conversation really took place, and the project was made in all seriousness, the projector trying hard to form a company to carry out the idea. Fortunately the speculation was never floated.

John Austin's Will



FOR SOME MILES THEY RAN ALONG THE BILLABONGS

where two would be ample for the churchgoers, the Anglican church being a pretty English-like building with its light pointed steeple. There are six good and well-stocked stores, seven hotels and a wine-shop, also a handsome post- and telegraph-office, a large School of Arts furnished with an excellent library, a very large gaol evidently in readiness for the time when the town shall become a city, a public school, much too large for the present requirements, a good hospital, a splendid race-course, level as a tennis-lawn, and a large show pavilion and grounds.

"What do you think of Neilpo for the Federal capital?" asked Mr. Dingle when they had walked all round the place.

"Splendid," was the reply. "Why don't you put forward your claims?"

408

"It's outside the hundred miles' boundary," was the reply.

"Never mind the boundary. It's the very place for it, designed by nature and man. It's get-at-able from all the colonies, isn't it?"

"Yes, and with a little outlay the centre of the continent."

"How much further do we go tomorrow?" said John.

"Thirty miles to Yeltana, and you will have another fifty on to Golgolgoa, but you will stay with us and have a rest before going on there."

"Whatever possessed folks to come so far out for settlement? There's plenty of land nearer the settled places."

"Ah, but think of what splendid land we have here," was the reply.

John Austin's Will

Before sunrise the next morning they were on their journey. The air was delightfully fresh, crisp, and light. The main features of the country were the same, save that they had to cross the low shifting sand-hills. These are always moving, being carried from place to place by the prevailing winds, hence the appearance of the country is constantly changing. For some miles they also ran along the billabongs, those wonderful provisions of nature found in these otherwise waterless districts. Billabongs are arms of the rivers, running miles up into the country, carrying water to those far-away lands.

The sun was high in the heavens when at length they drew up before the gates leading into Yeltana Station. John looked at it in consternation, not daring to say a word. To him it was the very centre of desolation. The salt-bush was more sparse and dried-looking, the post-and-wire fence was half buried in the sand, the house—a long, rambling building with a deep verandah round it, and all painted white, roof as well—stood on a slight rise in the centre of this solitude. Not a vestige of green vegetation to be seen anywhere. There it was, a white, silent, dead solitude, looking almost as if it were buried in snow. When he afterwards saw it gleaming white and still in the moonlight, he felt his first idea was confirmed.

They drove up to the steps leading to the front door, and alighted, a man appearing to take the horses round to the stable. Mrs. Dingle, a tall, graceful lady, came forward with a very pleasant smile and received her guest, who was shown into his room, an extremely handsome and comfortable one. The counterpane on the bed was spotless, and the equally white mosquito-curtains were looped up with pale blue ribbons. It was almost a profanation to disturb the room in any way.

"You can unpack your valise and put your things into the wardrobe and drawers," said Mr. Dingle, with that heartiness so characteristic of the Australian host. "And I think you will find everything you want; if not, touch the bell," and the gentleman closed the door behind him.

John was astonished. He had heard of folks having to rough it in the bush, but this place was replete with all the comforts and fittings of a city mansion. What sums it must have cost to bring the things here! Malugala was barbarous in comparison.

His room was large and fitted with two windows, one a French-light leading on to the front verandah; the other window looked out on to the side verandah. These were each draped with long white curtains tied with pale blue ribbons like the bed-hangings. Growing ferns in pots stood in the large, wide, grateless fireplace, and in jardinières on either side of the French-light. A box-couch was at the foot of the bed, and comfortable chairs stood invitingly in the corners. Besides the marble-topped washstand and duchess dressing-table, were a small writing-table in one corner by the window, and a fancy table on which stood a handsome bowl of choice-looking flowers. He went over to them, and after regarding them a few moments, discovered they were beautifully made of scented, coloured paper.

He had just finished dressing when he heard footsteps on the verandah, and the gong for lunch sounded. He stepped out and found his host waiting for him, and they walked along to the dining-room, which was at the other end of the building. This was a fine room, the wooden walls of which were handsomely varnished, and the ceiling carved in high relief. Here he met his host's two daughters, girls still in the school-room.

"My three boys are in Melbourne," said Mrs. Dingle as they took their seats at table. "Two are at school, and the eldest is studying at the University."

The meal finished, the host took him round the place to point out its special features. At the back of the house was a small patch of vegetation, fruit, vegetables, and flowers. These were kept alive by irrigation, the water being supplied by an artesian well.

As they sat at dinner that evening, John asked his host, "Which is your nearest river?"

"The Neilpo," replied Mr. Dingle.

"Dear me! then where do you get your water-supply?"

"From rain, tanks, and rises in the river," was the reply.

"We had our last rains three years ago," interjected Mrs. Dingle. John looked at her as if he could not have heard her aright. "Yes, Mr. Millington, it is three years ago since we had any rain to put water into the tanks. We have, of course, had showers, but nothing to make any impression on the station tanks. They are very low now."

John Austin's Will

"The billabongs are our salvation, and if folks would only learn the lesson nature so plainly teaches, all would be well," said the host. "This is the finest country in the world. You smile, Mr. Millington, but it is so."

"And what is the lesson taught by nature?" said the lawyer.

"The one the late Bishop of Melbourne¹ gave as an answer to the deputation who, during a drought, asked him to proclaim a day of humiliation and prayer for rain. Every now and again, he reminded them, we have our national days of humiliation and prayer, and yet we make no attempt to conserve the water. It is a wicked policy. Nature has shown distinctly that the rivers of this part of the country at any rate should be locked. You saw those billabongs as we came along. Well, when the river is up they are full. They run for miles into the back country. As the river falls they fall too, and so the water is lost. There are two billabongs on this run, one ten miles, and the other a little over twelve miles in length. When they are full I dam them, and what is the result? I have plenty of water until the river is up again, and save thousands of my sheep every year. I gained the idea from Golgolgoa. Old John Austin was a shrewd old gentleman, and he taught the district a deal it would do well to learn. My neighbours won't take the hint, and in times of drought they cry out terribly. By the way, it's strange there are

¹ Dr. Moorhouse, now Bishop of Manchester.

no heirs forthcoming to the old gentleman's property."

John bowed, making no reply to the latter remark, and no more was said on the subject.

The next day, during lunch, visitors arrived. They came into the dining-room, and the young lawyer was introduced to Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Pendrith, junr., the eldest son of her nephew, and Miss Reid. During the conversation at the table, Narenita was mentioned. "Do you know Narenita then?" asked Millington.

"We have not long come from there. My sister and I were staying at Coruna, but Miss Reid lived at Narenita for some time," replied Mrs. Clarke, and very soon they were talking eagerly of the place and the very dear friends there.

The same evening John announced his intention of going on to Golgolgoa the next morning. "I will do my business first and then come back here for a short holiday if you will have me," he said, in answer to his host's importunity that he should stay and rest a few days longer before setting to work.

"My dear," said his wife, "Mr. Millington is right," and, turning to the last-named, "You will come back and stay with us next week, will you not? Miss Reid will also be here, you know."

John blushed, wondering what the lady could mean. He did not, however, inform them that Miss Reid had told him they were going on to Neilpo next morning, and would return to Yeltana the following week.

(To be continued.)

The Shepherd of the Sea

I AM a mighty shepherd, and many are my flocks;

I lead them, I feed them among the weedy rocks;

My shepherd's crook is fashioned out of a Norway pine,

And there's no sheep-dog in the world will herd these flocks of mine.

My fold is wide, and day and night the walls shift of my fold,

No upland, no lowland my lambing ewes withhold

From the cry of their shepherd, the beckoning of his hand,

For my own desert places they leave the pasture-land.

With wild white fleeces surging about me to my knee,

I go about my herding, the Shepherd of the Sea;

I call to the rock-pastures the white sheep of the waves,

For they but find their grazing where sailors find their graves.

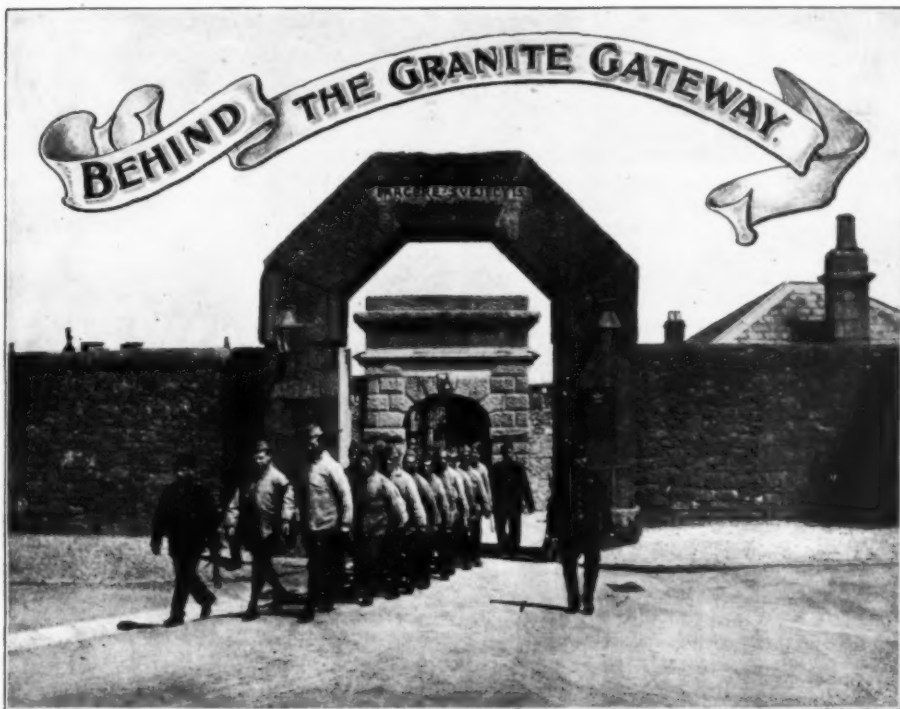
I am a mighty shepherd, and mighty flocks have I;

I lead them, I feed them while stars are in the sky;

And when the moon is waning on sheltered shore and lee,

I rest not nor slumber, the Shepherd of the Sea.

NORA CHESSON.



PRISON GATEWAY, DARTMOOR

BY W. SCOTT KING

AUTHOR OF "HEAVENS OF BRASS," "THE REAL DARTMOOR," ETC.

THE actualities of Convict Prison-life very rarely get into print. What pass muster for actualities are usually the "realities of the imagination," the lurid surmisings of those who have either never seen farther than the gates of Portland or Dartmoor, perhaps even not so far, or who, having secured a pass from the Home Secretary, have spent three-quarters of an hour in inspecting the chapel, workshops, and kitchen, under official escort.

Engaged to lecture recently in a midland town on Life in Dartmoor Prison, the present writer found himself described on the bills announcing the lecture, as "one who has been there." Ignoring the delightful ambiguity of this description, I may say at once, by way of offering the reader a credential for trustworthiness, that for some time it was my privilege to occupy the position of honorary, *i.e.* unpaid, chaplain to the Nonconformist inmates of our great penal settlement on misty Dartmoor. This gave me the right of access to the prisoners

whenever I desired it, and the privilege of preaching as often as I was able on Sunday afternoons in the prison. Consequently it carried with it the opportunity of obtaining a first-hand acquaintance with the kind of life led by those who every week disappear from our assize courts to be lost to the outside world for five, ten, or twenty years.

"The sentence of the Court is that you go to penal servitude for ten years." When we read these words in our paper at the breakfast-table next morning we say it is very severe, or richly deserved, or something of the kind, and then the "case" drops from our mind. But to the forger or house-breaker himself, what does it mean? If he goes to Dartmoor, what will his life be like behind the granite gateway? Now, generally speaking, the external features of his life, matters relating to the cell he will occupy, the hours he will be required to rise and go to bed, the food he will have to eat, the work he will be compelled to do, and the penalties he will incur if he is found

Behind the Granite Gateway

in possession of money, tobacco, knives, and the like, or caught trying to "bolt"—all these matters make far less sensational reading than our imaginative novelists would have us believe. Convict life, even among the pre-historic Tors and morasses of wild, romantic Dartmoor, is commonplace, dreary, and uneventful. Rigid, unvarying, monotonous routine, broken only by the interval of Sunday, or the very rare "all within gates," which means an escape, holds absolute sway. And though it may knock the bottom out of many a dramatic six-shillings'-worth at Mudie's, it is incontestable that if the whole truth were told about the external life of a convict, one might still go to bed, after reading the disclosures, without any reasonable fears of nightmare.

No, it is the personal characters, the wayward, impulsive temperaments, the twisted and perverted dispositions, and the histories of the convicts themselves, those incredible, piteous, revolting life-stories, which from time to time are confided, with brutal frankness, to the chaplain in the seclusion of the tiny cells—it is in these things that the real sensationalism and horror of Dartmoor consists. And, bound alike by mercy and honour, the chaplain keeps these to himself.

Does the reader know the great Moor, that weird, historic, most picturesque, most ghostly expanse of mountains, bogs and streams, in lovely Devon, which first attracted the aboriginal "tin-streamers" in the dim morning of Britain's history? If not, a high privilege, a romantic joy, and a fascinating study is in store for him, at least it is hoped so. Once it was colonised by the Early Britons—and some say by the Phœnicians—who have left a thousand puzzling memorials of their occupancy in the stone circles or "roundy-poundies," as the peat-cutters call them, which everywhere bestrew the storm-swept wastes.

Centuries later, and centuries earlier than the advent of the "yellow-jacket" and broad arrow, it became the home of grotesque superstition and ghostly legend, the haunt of the famous traveller-luring "pixies" (souls of unbaptised children, said to be) and the yelping, spectral "wist hounds." But for most people to-day the associations and suggestions of Dartmoor are exclusively penal, that is, unless they happen to be artistic or antiquarian in their tastes, or members of a folk-lore society. But

in the coming years it is more than probable that these prison associations will lose their monopoly, for the tonic quality of the Moor air, equal, it is said, to many bottles of quinine or hypophosphates, is causing the judges who sit in Harley Street to sentence many of their patients to Dartmoor. "Sent to Dartmoor" may therefore in the twentieth century lose its sinister meaning.

The prison itself was originally built at the beginning of last century to accommodate our French prisoners of war who were rotting in the insanitary hulks at Plymouth, awaiting the final crushing of Napoleon. The little cemetery where many of them were buried is still an object of the tourist's interest. The next step in its changeful history was its conversion into a factory for the extraction of naphtha from peat. And I am not at all sure, that though the enterprise failed, Dartmoor is not still a Government factory—for the careful manufacture of criminals. But of that later.

About the year 1850 it became what it is now, the chief and most inaccessible of all our penal settlements. It is situated in the very heart of the Moor, 1600 feet above sea-level, and is partially surrounded by the stony-hearted, granite-built Moor metropolis of Princetown. Unless it were one of those rare but magnificent moon-lit nights when neither blinding sleet nor obscuring mists enwrap the treacherous wastes in perilous obscurity, the traveller might very easily ride or drive past it without seeing it. It is an idea full of tragic power—twelve hundred of the most desperate, anti-social, hopeless criminals, each with his dark past, and seething tumultuous brain and heart, chained in the centre of this inhospitable, trackless wilderness. When approached by the long steep moorland road from the neighbouring little town of Tavistock, the first evidence of it would probably be a gang of yellow-jacketed men pulling a cart or marching with rhythmic sullen swing to the fields, or peat-beds, or quarries, with a couple of warders, armed with short guns, walking behind them.

In the distance the keen-sighted might detect on the misty horizon the dark speck which marks the whereabouts of the picket or civil guard as he is called, who, playing the part of the "back" at football, is ready to bring down a runaway should he be successful in escaping the attendant warders. Next, on the right, the prison farm would be passed, where the good-conduct men,

Behind the Granite Gateway

known by their blue jackets, may be seen milking the cows and attending to the horses. Not long ago one of these men, who had for years been in charge of a team of horses and who had become much attached to them, said to his successor on the day of his own liberation, "Now, take care of these 'ere 'osses till I come back." He came back within a week. A little lower down on the left stands the sombre granite gateway with its Latin inscription, meaning "Spare the Vanquished," referring, of course, not to the convicts but to the first residents, the French prisoners. On the gateway hangs a board stating that all efforts to communicate with the prisoners, or to convey to them money, spirits, tools, or much-longed-for tobacco, will be "treated as a felony." At the present time Dartmoor has accommodation for a thousand men, but a new wing is almost completed—built, with strange irony, by the convicts themselves—which will take several hundreds more.

Each man has a cell to himself which is anything but gloomy or uncomfortable. There is a hammock-bed, well supplied with blankets, a little table on which one usually finds a pile of books—fiction, travel, adventure and science, a looking-glass, and a stool. Some have also flowers growing in the window. All meals are taken alone, the men stand at the doors of their cells, and their food is brought to them on a species of butler's tray on indiarubber wheels. They have half a pint of rich, thick cocoa, known as ship's cocoa, and a loaf of brown bread for breakfast, and cocoa and bread for tea. For dinner, meat, vegetables and bread. This is weighed out for them, and if any man suspects that his dinner or loaf of bread is short weight he can insist on seeing it weighed. The men often do insist just to annoy and tease their warders.

From tea-time to eight o'clock they are in their cells, and many of them get into bed and read till the lights go out. The rougher characters, or men in need of fresh air, work on the farm or drain the distant bogs. I have often seen them in summer-time tossing the hay with their hands, pitchforks not being allowed. The work-rooms are large, warm, and comfortable, and a thousand times more desirable than many a Lancashire factory or London tailoring-shop. There men work at making boots, clothes, baskets for Government offices, and mail-bags. Several are in attendance at

the library, and one I often found exercising his genius for painting by decorating scrolls for the prison chapel. These rooms are hives of unpunishing industry, the chief hardship being that no talking is permitted. This is a necessary regulation, for if the prisoners were allowed to converse, concerted action would be made possible and indeed inevitable, and then not three hundred, but ten hundred warders would be required to keep them under control. Each room is manned by two warders, a wholly insufficient number, as many a tragic and desperate struggle has often demonstrated. But reforms in Dartmoor take many years to arrive. One element of protection, however, lies in this, that in the event of a man attacking a warder, all prisoners who come to the rescue get a reduction of term as reward. This is as it should be, and puts a premium on good and kindly conduct. Unfortunately, though, this is not infrequently abused, and convicts have been known to incite a new arrival to try to escape, in order to go at once to the rescue, and so get three or six months off their terms of service. A warder, a great friend of mine, was stabbed in the back some time ago in the tailoring-room with a long pair of scissors, and no less than twelve men sent in claims for reduction as reward for saving the warder's life. One is tempted to fill many pages with stories, many of them humorous and many very terrible, of the efforts to escape which are always going the round. But there are two more important matters which call for mention. Meanwhile, it is safe to say that as a rule the men are well-conducted, and look the pictures of health and good spirits. In fact heartache is a far less frequent phenomenon than one would imagine—and even desire.

I held my own service in the Adjudication Room, which was warm and comfortable, and the men sat on chairs around me. The door was locked and guarded, and a warder armed with a sword sat at the back of my chair. I made it a rule never to lecture the men, and seldom if ever made any reference to the fact that we were in prison. I resolved, also, that if I could not do anything more, at least one hour a week my little black-arrowed congregation should be spoken to as ordinary men. I never have had, or hope to have, a more interested or appreciative congregation. And if a pleasantry or witticism was indulged in,

Behind the Granite Gateway

they were more than ready to smile and nod approvingly at each other.

When preaching for the last time in Dartmoor eighteen months ago, I told them I was coming to a London church. One of them replied, "Perhaps when our papers come down we may call on you, chaplain, some fine day." Without thinking I replied, "I shall be glad to see you, but mind you keep your word and let it be some fine day, I have a great objection to *midnight* callers." The roar of laughter I shall not soon forget. Many of them are beautiful singers, and I shall long remember a fine young Irishman—who is just "out," by the way, after serving sixteen years—who possessed a splendid tenor voice and acted as my precentor. A few of the men I found genuinely penitent and honestly desirous of leading a better life. But I am afraid these cases are rare, and this brings me to my last question, the influence of convict life on the characters of the prisoners. Does prison life benefit the men, reform them? This is the question which I am incessantly being asked. The answer is neither "yes" nor "no," but lies somewhere between the two, but nearer, alas! to the "no" side. It must be borne in mind that at least seventy per cent. of the men who come to Dartmoor belong to the class of habitual criminals. Now the habitual criminal, the man who has been cradled in crime, and who has hereditary vice in his very blood, and whose tapering ears, receding forehead, incapacity for blushing, and nervous, laughing countenance, physiologically proclaim him a felon, is the despair of Home Secretary, Governor, and chaplain alike.

The men wear on their caps a brass letter, one for each separate term of penal servitude they have undergone. I have seen many with five and six, and scores with two or three such letters. All ordinary methods of appeal to a slumbering moral sense seem useless. Talk to him of home—he was born in a thieves' kitchen. Remind him of his mother—he either has forgotten her or only recalls a gin-soaked unfortunate. Speak of the moral law—he has visions of a policeman. Inquire if he is sorry for what he has done, and he tells you what a

fool he was to "get nabbed." The chaplain's hopes lie with the other thirty per cent., with the men who have broken the law for the first time and never intend to do so again—men who are offenders, but not criminals. The task before the chaplain, here, is to prevent an awful danger becoming a reality, viz. to save a man of refinement, education, and good instincts from slowly deteriorating and becoming a criminal. One of the most distressing spectacles is to witness this decline setting in, and Dartmoor *régime* manufacturing out of really decent material a blunted and soured character. Of urgent reforms the chief is, as is so constantly but fruitlessly being pointed out, the need of a better system of classification of the men. If a youth has forged his employer's name, he deserves to be punished, but does he deserve to be condemned for five years to associate with all the filthy-mouthed, brutalised manslaughterers, wife-beaters, and house-breakers that the broom of the law can sweep together? If he was not a criminal at the beginning, the system does its best to make him one in the end.

Further, the men lack humanising influences. In fact their greatest need is to be humanised, loved, respected and sympathetically cared for. We do not want to coddle our law-breakers, but neither do we want to bestialise them.

Among my pleasant memories of Dartmoor are those associated with the 9.14 express on Tuesday mornings from Tavistock to London. That train and hour is sacred to convict emancipation. How well I can see the picture now of the man in the new suit of clothes, boots, hat and Gladstone bag, feverishly awaiting the incoming of the long express which is to carry him to London and freedom. But, oh, mystery of mismanagement! why should we liberate all our convicts in London?—the worst city in the land for them to find themselves free in.

Behind the granite gateway lies a world of tragedy. Will the new century reveal to us, if not how to abolish it, at least how to mitigate its darkness and allay its horror? Let us hope so.



"Crime" amongst Animals



FACTS show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime amongst men. It is not well to press the analogy too far, but there is a great deal of interest in many of the facts which research has accumulated.

Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf; and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travellers have frequently fed their famishing Esquimaux team on the carcases of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circum-

stances. The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus. Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle. A certain famous case in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, parricide, matricide, and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world.

Veterinary and other persons who have much to do with horses are aware that there is a distinctly criminal type of horse, difficult either to cajole or to coerce, with a short memory for kindness and a retentive one for injuries; kickers, biters, rearers; and invincibly determined to obey no will but their own. But these poor creatures, like many of our instinctive criminals whose hand is ever turned against society, are the victims of a twist in the brain, which discovers itself often by the shape of the skull. Arab breeders of horses, recognising the natural rogue by his outward and visible signs, will not admit him to the stud.

The rogue elephant, well known in India

"Crime" amongst Animals

and justly feared as a very awkward customer, is doubtless also a sufferer from some inherited brain weakness. The elephants in herd are well aware of his dangerous qualities, and compel him to live apart, which does not better his disposition.

There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant) for another (the assaulted); and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both parties. Horses, dogs, and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy.

The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run a-mok through his native High Street, seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula, unless the subject of this brief terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience which may be goaded into a fury. The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behaviour, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage, or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Everyone knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge, when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused.

More curious is it to note that, amongst animals as amongst men, some of the worst offences that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely, in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love" the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind.

Association for deliberate purposes of wrong-doing is not rare amongst animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence. Figuiet tells a strange story of three wicked beavers. They built for themselves a comely dwelling in an agreeable spot on the bank of a stream. Close by lived a fourth beaver in decent solitude. The three wicked beavers went out one day and paid a call on their neighbour, who received them very hospitably, and evidently promised to return the visit. In due time he did so, when he was at once

attacked and slain by the murderous trio. In Lombroso there is an anecdote of a small dog whom a bulldog used very badly for no reason at all. The small dog spent several days in foraging for bones, which he piled in a cellar. When he had collected enough for a banquet, he issued invitations to all the dogs of his acquaintance in the neighbourhood, the bulldog excepted, and regaled them handsomely. After dinner he set out his case against the bulldog, and apparently in some way stirred up the indignation of his guests, for he led them out in a body to avenge him.

Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. "The oldest and 'cutest heads the troop, after a careful survey of the path, and a sentinel is posted at the spot whence a surprise may be looked for. Then the robbers form a chain, and the booty is passed along, the last baboon depositing it in a common hiding-place. The sentry sniffs danger, gives the alarm, the chain breaks, the baboons fly, each with a fruit in the mouth, in the hand, and under the arms. If the danger becomes serious, the fruit under the arm is first thrown away, next what is carried in the hand, and last of all what is held in the mouth." Bees, "the most laborious of living things," occasionally give themselves to theft, "and often end by becoming habitual plunderers. To save themselves the trouble of working, whole colonies attack a well-furnished hive, assault the sentries and the inmates, sack the hive, and carry off the provisions. After repeated ventures of this sort, successful or unsuccessful, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence, which—as in the countries where brigandage is rife—becomes in the end an habitual practice." There are whole colonies of bee-brigands, as well as individual thieves who live entirely by rapine, introducing themselves by stealth into hives where they don't belong, and in which their timid demeanour sometimes betrays them to the native citizens. "They seem to show some consciousness of wrong."

Lombroso and many other inquirers have proved that animals, like men, may be stimulated by alcohol and drugs to crime of various kinds. Ants stupefied by chloroform become completely paralysed with the exception of the jaws, and with their jaws they will snap at all that comes in reach. Goats pasturing in Abyssinia intoxicate themselves on the beans of the

"Crime" amongst Animals

coffee plant, and then fight with fury. Cows may be made dangerously mad with a mixture of hemp-seed and opium. Dogs, horses, etc., have been given a confirmed taste for alcohol. The carnivora, it is known, are the fiercest of all the brute creation, and an habitual flesh diet will develop instincts of ferocity in the mildest domestic animals, and in the elephant and other beasts.

Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes. Certain animals in all countries seem to be thrown off their balance and to lose a part of their self-control in very warm weather, or on the approach of a storm. Instances must have been often observed in a herd of cows.

Dread and dislike of novelty is a common and almost universal characteristic of savage and semi-civilised races, and by no means unknown amongst communities or sections of communities high up in the scale of civilisation. It is also a well-marked trait of innumerable animals, and a cause of violent actions. A cow will still occasionally charge a train in motion, and nearly all domestic animals have to be taught to overcome their fear of that terrifying object, an engine in full steam. Any unusual object in the path of horse, dog, or cow, any unwonted sound, excites to fear, and often to destructive rage. A monkey wrapped in a coat or gown, a hen streaked with bright paint, would at first arouse the suspicion and then the hostility of their companions.

Instances of rather doubtful significance have been cited to show that delinquent animals are sometimes punished by their fellows after a fashion more or less human. Imaginative persons have traced in such acts the rude beginnings of trial by jury, but they are more apt to recall the lynch law of America. Robber apes are said to inflict the pain of death on a sentinel who fails in giving the alarm. A French writer relates how, when a young male stork carried off from the nest the female companion of another, the injured spouse haled the abductor before "a tribunal composed of all the storks of the district," who presently fell upon and tore him to pieces. In Romanes's "Animal Intelligence," a number of rooks are described as acting in a similar manner towards a deserter from the community. Monkeys have been known to put to death a member of the band who refused allegiance to the leader. In this instance, as in that of the "execution" of the sentinel caught napping, Lombroso sees no more of justice or morality "than in the homicides by brigands on their companions" in like circumstances; or in those acts of popular vengeance in which a mob hangs on the nearest lamp-post or burns to death some unfortunate victim of its lawless passion; or than in the punishment in vogue amongst tribes of savages, "where death is lavished for the slightest offence." "Or," he adds, after citing other examples, "supposing all these were facts, I should still regard them but as fresh proofs of criminal associations amongst animals, associations which in these particular cases are transformed in fact, if not by the intention of the individuals, into juridical actions."

TIGHE HOPKINS



◎ Day of Rest and Gladness

(PRIZE TUNE, LEISURE HOUR EISTEDDFOD.)

Composed by R. G. THOMPSON, Mus. Bac. (Dunelm).

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

light, O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Be - fore th'E - ter - nal

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a half note E6, followed by quarter notes F6, G6, and A6. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

Matthew King

BY T. W. COULDERY

MATTHEW KING was an agricultural labourer, and lived in a small cottage, a short distance down a muddy lane that led to nowhere. This lane turned off from the main road to Amblestoke, and was about a mile and a half from Little Bentley. Strictly speaking, Matthew was only a lodger. The house was rented by his eldest son, who was married, and had a family. If you called to see Matthew King at any time, he would come to the door, clad in an old sleeved waistcoat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a black clay pipe in his mouth, and a scarlet stocking-cap on his head. His hair was quite white, he wore it long, and had plenty of it. It did not curl, and yet it was not straight. It was of a fleecy quality, and formed a sort of halo round his head, from his shoulders upwards to the edges of the stocking-cap. From the centre of that white halo shone a red face, seamed and furrowed by seventy-nine years of a hard life. In the centre of that red face, or close to it, was a pair of sharp ferrety eyes, that looked at you without a wink. He had no whiskers, but his chin was in a chronic state of scrubbiness, and always wanted a shave.

When I first saw old Matthew King, he was sitting on the stonework of the railings that surround the Corn Exchange at Amblestoke. It was a hot summer's day,—he was taking his ease, and enjoying the cool shade. He was wearing a white frock,—that is, a smock-frock. He had walked over from Little Bentley, he told me, because "he didn't know what to do with his-self, the time hung so heavy on him." Now here was the curious spectacle of an old man borne down the rapids of time, and almost on the verge of the cataract, from whence he was soon to be cast headlong into the unknown, making complaint that things generally were too slow for him.

From that day I got to know old Matthew King, and to know him was to know what one half at least of our agricultural workers are like, and to be able to make a good guess at the other half. When a young man, he had a father, who had been just such another man as Matthew King was then. As an old man, he had sons,

who repeated his youthful image most faithfully; and they, in their turn, would have other sons, who would repeat it once more;—indeed, they had them then, for I remember hearing old Matthew King making complaint against a certain grandson of his, and saying, "he don't larn his book as he ought,—head ain't screwed on right somehow."

When he was a young man,—a very young man,—Matthew King must of course marry; that being the staple and never-failing remedy his class always fly to when wages are low and work is slack. His partner in life, who was bent on fulfilling her duty to the best of her ability and at any sacrifice to herself, bore him ten children, in the course of as many years,—six boys and four girls. But some of these boys and girls, wanting I suppose the iron constitution of their father,—whose frequent boast it was that he never had a doctor to attend him in the whole course of his life,—found the battle of life too hard for them, and these succumbed one after the other, until four only were left out of the ten. Their father would tell you, if you asked him, where each of them was buried. Two boys out of the six did not give up the struggle for existence willingly, or from fault of their own; one being drowned, and the other crushed to death under a timber-wagon. Old Matthew King would relate these events apparently with a stoical indifference, as if he were speaking of some one else and their family affairs. He was not emotional in the least, nothing could ever move him. Whatever the subject was, he spoke of it in the same dry, unconcerned manner. There was, however, one exception to this. If the name of his eldest son's wife came up, he became a different man. He got very excited, and I always felt that had I been his eldest son's wife, which I thanked my good fortune I was not, I should go in bodily fear of the old man, and consider he was certainly dangerous at times.

Matthew King was an oracle on some matters,—the weather, for example. He believed implicitly in the moon's influence upon it, and he would give you his reasons for such and such a forecast, by adding,

Matthew King

that the moon was "upright," or "on her back." He was also great in matters relating to sport, and the wild animals of the country. He could tell you the best methods of snaring them. The old rascal, you see, had been a great poacher in his day; in fact he admitted as much, as if it were part of the natural order of things. I asked him one day, "if he ever used to go poaching?"

"Go poaching?—why, of course. Forced to. All we young chaps and no work,—what were we to do?"

In addition to all this, I am sorry to say that old Matthew King had been in his youthful days an inveterate and incorrigible smuggler, and was not ashamed. We are apt to associate smuggling, naturally enough, with those folks who dwell on, or near, the sea-coast; but when Matthew King was a young man, the forces arrayed against the hated Preventive men and Revenue officers were recruited from the agricultural labourers for miles inland. These, in bodies numbering as many as a hundred, a hundred and fifty, or even more, took charge of the carts and horses that were driven to the beach to carry off the tubs. He could recount many stories of his experiences when assisting in the landing of a cargo; or its conveyance to, and safe storage in, some lone barn or other place miles away from the seat-coast. I inquired of him whether he was ever hurt during these night adventures. "Not he," he said, "he took good care of that." But a man who was standing close to him one night during a scrimmage, was shot. "At the back of the knee," said old King; "they picked un up, and carried un to the boat."

"Did he die?" I asked.

"Yes, they couldn't save un. They cut his leg off twice, but he died."

By which, I suppose he intended to convey that the member in question was removed by instalments.

Matthew King married, as I said before; and he took this important step in life on an income of eight shillings a week paid fortnightly. That is to say, every other week he stood in relation to his master as a capitalist, and lent him eight shillings for seven days without interest. But oh! ye marriageable youths of both sexes,—just think of it. Matrimony undertaken with a light heart on an income of twenty pounds a year, derived from sources the most uncertain. But I greatly doubt after all whether

Matthew King, or even Mrs. Matthew King, ever regretted, during their married lives, the step they had taken. She may sometimes have wished that she had married a man who scraped his boots cleaner before entering the house, or he may have sighed for a partner in life with a less voluble tongue, but that is all.

I had known old Matthew King a long time before I discovered that he had one other vulnerable spot in his heart, besides that wherein his eldest son's wife was enshrined. It was known, I think, to very few except myself, and it was only revealed to me by an accident. At the time I am referring to, I lived in Little Bentley; and whenever old King happened to pass the house, and saw me in the garden, he would lift the latch of the gate, and come inside for a gossip. His experience in gardening, although not very great, far exceeded mine; and I was always glad to show the old man the efforts I had been making in horticulture, to obtain his advice, and to listen to the information he was ever ready to give. On fine days, after going the round of the garden, we would sometimes sit in the porch, under the clematis, and smoke our pipes. On these occasions Matthew King would get very communicative, and talk freely of his doings in his youthful days, and his later experiences as a married man with a family to care for. And although, when speaking of the wife, the sons, and the daughters he had lost, and who were buried some here, some there, his manner was simply that of the historian relating well-authenticated facts that had nothing to do with him personally,—I found, as I got to know him better, that this did not arise from any callousness or want of feeling on his part, but was a mannerism often adopted to hide an emotion that otherwise would have been too apparent.

One day, when we were sitting out of doors under the porch, and Matthew King was telling me some incident of his life, it occurred to me that there was one member of his family he had not included either in his category of the living, or of those who had passed away. Out of ten children, he had never accounted for more than nine; and I rather thoughtlessly asked him about this missing member of his family. I saw by the instant change in his manner, that I had ruthlessly touched an old and painful wound. I felt I had done wrong, and I



Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by

T. W. Coultery

MATTHEW KING, AGRICULTURAL LABOURER

endeavoured to turn the conversation to some other topic. But old King came back to the subject in spite of me, as a man may force himself to look upon some

dreadful sight, well knowing how dreadful it is, but ashamed of the weakness that would induce him to turn from it.

"That there one," said he, "the one you

Matthew King

just now arst about, was a gel, and a very good gel she was too."

I waited to hear more, but as he was silent I asked him whether she was still living.

He shook his head.

He reached across the little table we were sitting at for his pipe, and filled it.

"No, poor gel," he said, "she's dead. It was the worst trouble I've had all my life."

He lit his pipe with a match. He took several puffs at it, and extinguished the burning match by closing his forefinger and thumb over the flame at the end. He then carefully placed the half-burnt match in his waistcoat-pocket. It was his usual way. I have seen him do it scores of times. Whether he saved up the old matches for firewood, or for what other purpose he took such care of them, I never could discover.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said after a pause.

"Her name was Martha. She was the youngest but two, and a very pretty gel she grew up to be. Everybody liked Martha. I never saw her put out of the way by anything,—she was always smiling, and as good-natured as could be. We used to do the shopping together on Saturday nights. I used to put on a clean frock, for I never seemed dressed unless I'd got a frock on; and we'd start directly after tea. Sometimes we'd go to Little Bentley, which was only two miles away,—sometimes we'd go to Amblestoke, which was much further, if we wanted to get something very particular that Standish didn't keep. We used to take a little four-wheel chaise that had been used for the children when they was very little, to bring home the things in. I used to look forward somehow to those Saturday nights. She'd buy the grocery, and perhaps a bit of ribbon, or calico. I'd get my tobaccer, and then perhaps we'd drop in on a mate of mine, and have a chat. When we'd done, she'd put all the things in the chaise, and we'd take it in turns to wheel it home.

"Well, there was a good many young chaps hanging about after my gel, as was quite natural. One of them was the son of a neighbour of ours, named Fowler; and she—that's Martha—seemed mighty taken with him, poor gel. She was the only one in our family that liked him, except perhaps her mother, who always seemed to

me to stand up for him. But that was just for the sake of being contrary,—nothing else. I was sorry,—mortal sorry for our Martha. She was worthy of a better sort of chap than this 'ere young Fowler. I spoke to her once or twice about it, and tried to warn her off him, but that sort of thing is never no good. When it comes to sweethearts, women won't be warned,—not they."

The old man made a pause here, and I took advantage of it to inquire what cause he had for his dislike to the young man Fowler.

"Well, you see," replied old King, "he was a shiftless sort of fellow,—idle and shiftless. He could thatch, and make hurdles, and altogether he could earn a goodish bit of money when he liked to work; but then he never *did* like. And I got to know that he had behaved badly to two other gels before Martha took on with him; besides getting into debt, and having people after him for money he owed them, which was a thing I never could abide. But, you see, he was a good-looking young fellow, and could say things to make the girls laugh, and that went a long way, you know. Well, the end of it was they got engaged, my Martha and this 'ere young Fowler, and a long engagement it was. She was mortal fond of him,—there's no doubt of that; and although he quarrelled with her, and used her very bad at times, she always forgave him and took him on again.

"This went on for pretty nigh three year; Martha was turned twenty, and no talk of getting married. It was harvest-time, and Master Hepburn, that I worked for, had just bought one of them new-fangled 'Merican things for cutting the corn. None of us had ever seen such a thing, and none of us wanted it; but there,—have it we must. I remember it was on a Thursday. They had got this machine to work after having a deal of trouble with it, and during the morning it had cut a goodish bit of the standing corn in a field we called the Long Meadow, for it had been a meadow once. Martha had brought me my dinner, and then of course she must go off to look at this new machine. I had been working at binding and setting up, at t'other end of the field. I had finished my dinner, and was just going to begin work again, when all at once I heard a cry and a loud scream. My mates, it seems, were just about starting

work after dinner; they'd put the horses in this machine and left them for a moment. Some boys and gels were standing round larking, and waiting to see the thing work. How it happened, no one knew; but the horses started at something or other, and my poor Martha was thrown down in front of them knives.

"We took her up as gently as we could, and laid her on a hurdle with some jackets and shawls, and we carried her home. Well, a long, sad time we had of it, to be sure. The poor girl was dreadful tore, and the doctor said she would never be able to stand upright again. The neighbours were all very good, coming in to help, and sitting up with her at night; and the gentlefolk called to see her and sent her things,—wine and spirits, and a queer sort of chair that went on wheels; and all sorts of things besides,—cushions and such like. But there was one man who never in all that sorrowful time came anigh the place, and that man was Richard Fowler. By and by, I got to know in a roundabout way that he was seen walking out with Nance Cheeseman. My poor gel never mentioned the fellow's name all the time, and o' course we said nothing. She just pined and pined; and when she got well enough to be pushed about in this 'ere chair I was a-telling you of, her pinched white face fairly broke my heart to look at.

"One day,—I'd been over to Sleaford for my master,—as I was a-coming home about dusk, I ran against this young Fowler. He was hanging about at the corner of a lane, and I knew well enough who he was waiting for. You see, Cheeseman's cottage was just a few steps down this lane, and I caught sight of a pink frock coming along the path. He stopped short when he sees me, and turned red and then white. Says he—

"Oh! Mr. King, how do you do? I've been wanting—"

"I cut him short, and I say—

"Dick Fowler, we ain't seen you down home for a long time. Not since—you know when. What's the meaning of it?"

"Well, Mr. King," he says, "I thought it was best considering—" and he stopped short.

"Considering what?" I says.

"Considering all things, you know," he says, and he stopped again. "I wish," says he, after looking round about him a bit, "I wish to act honourable, but you know a poor man has got his-self to think

of, and a wife that's a cripple and can't get about—"

"I hadn't the patience to hear any more. If I'd have stayed another minute I should have hammered him. I pushed past him, so as to shove him off the path into the road, and I says, looking back at him—

"That's enough,—that's enough, Dick Fowler. I don't want to hear any more. You're a scoundrel, that's what you are."

"Well, time went on, and my gel got better, but try all we knew we could never make her smile, or take an interest in anything. She was dreadful lame and bent, and in cold or damp weather her side ached, she said, fearful. I suppose it was the old wounds. In the following spring we heard that Dick Fowler and Nance Cheeseman were soon to be married. I could see well enough that my gel had got to know of it, but I thought it best to take no notice. However, a day or so before the wedding, Nance and Dick Fowler, it seems, had a great quarrel. It turned out that she had boxed his ears, and then ran away with Tom Harding the miller, a man old enough to have been her father, but well-to-do in the world, and they had got married. Dick Fowler could not stand this,—he got so laughed at by everybody, that in less than a week after we heard he had gone off altogether to seek his fortune, and there was no one that knew him but was heartily glad to get rid of him. Dick's father, you see, had married a second time after Dick's mother died. He was a mild sort of man, and a very good neighbour; but this second wife of his was a masterful, contrary woman that never let him have no peace. And I will say this for Dick, that there never was a comfortable home for him to go to, nor for that matter for his father either.

"Dick had been gone about a fortnight and nothing heard of him, when one day a letter comes for his father from some strange people, to say that he was lying at a little village about twenty mile away, ill of the small-pox, and that his friends were to come and fetch him home. His step-mother declared he should not be brought home to give them all the small-pox, and threatened her husband with I don't know what she would do to him if he went near the place where the poor fellow was lying. Things were in this sort of fix, when one afternoon as I was about my work, one of my youngsters brought me a message from his mother, and a letter

Matthew King

addressed to me. The boy said that Martha had gone away, and left the letter on the table in her bedroom; and would I get home as soon as I could, as his mother was anxious about Martha, not knowing where she had gone. I couldn't make head nor tail of it from the little un, until I read the letter, which was from Martha, to say that she hoped I would forgive her for what she was going to do, and not be angry with her; but she had gone to nuss Dick, and please not to go or send after her, for fear of the complaint getting to the children. When he was well again and all was safe, she would come home. Well, I knowed that gel, and I felt sure that it were no good a-trying to persuade her; besides, she'd got the start of us, and there she was by now, and all the mischief done. So I just kept on with my work until it was time to leave off, and then me and the little un walked home. My wife was a little put out about it,—we had a few words, but it all passed off.

"We heard pretty nearly every other day from Martha. She sent us little notes and messages by the carrier, to say that Dick was getting better. By and by we heard that his people were going over to see him,—now there was no danger,—and take him away to the sea-side. Martha was going

to stay on a bit longer, in case she brought the disease home with her. Dick's father called one evening to see me, and he says—

" 'My son Dick,' says he, 'is got all right again, thanks to your gel, but he's very badly marked; all his good looks is gone. Your Martha is a brave good gel,' he says, 'we owes her a great deal, but we can never repay her what we owes. I see'd her yesterday, and if I was you, neighbour King,' says he, 'I'd go over and fetch her back home as soon as I could. I don't like her looks.' "

"We walked a bit down the road together after that, and had a long talk. He was very hard on Dick, he was, and said he meant to send him out of the country as soon as he got strong.

"We parted good friends, and I felt sorry for poor Fowler, with such a cat of a wife as he'd got.

"I fetched Martha home the next day. The poor thing was worn to a shadder. Her voice was nearly gone, through weakness, the doctor said. We were afraid she might have taken the small-pox, but the doctor said it wasn't that, it was blood-poisoning. She took to her bed, and day after day she got worse, do all we could. She never got over it. By the time the summer had gone, she had gone too,—my poor, brave, ill-used gel."



Photo by

BONCHURCH CHURCH

Miss Kathleen Holmes

Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick

AS a vivid picture of the middle of the seventeenth century in England, as a vigorous delineation of an individual character, and as a sympathetic treatment of a truly religious life, Miss Mary E. Palgrave's life of Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, leaves little to be desired.¹

The book is one which links the Elizabethan period with the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, for Mary Rich's father, Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, purchased the estates of Sir Walter Raleigh in Munster. At Youghal, where Raleigh's old house is still shown, Mary Boyle was born in 1624.

Losing her mother when she was but a child of six, Mary came to England at the age of fourteen to her father's mansion of Stalbridge, near Sherborne, Dorsetshire. In the following year she began "to see life" when her father came to London and resided at the Savoy, her chief friend being a maid of honour to the Queen.

In 1641 she married Charles Rich, second son of the second Earl of Warwick. Of her father's opposition to the match, of her own "unmovable resolution," and how in the end she had her way, we must leave our readers to learn more fully from Miss Palgrave's lively pages. She was certainly a most determined young woman of seventeen.

At Leighs Priory, between Braintree and Chelmsford, Mary Rich spent the greater part of her married life. That old home of the Warwick family is now almost utterly demolished, and, strange to say, there is no record of her name on the Rich monument in Felsted church.

The family into which she married was a religious one, Lord Warwick being a leader of the Puritans and "a patron of those clergy of Presbyterian tendencies who had given up their benefices sooner than read the *Book of Sports* from the pulpit." Amid the surroundings of a Christian home and under the faithful preaching of Dr. Anthony Walker, domestic chaplain at Leighs Priory, Mary Rich experienced a change of heart between her twenty-first and twenty-fourth years. She thanks God in her diary that thus she was persuaded

life, in which I designed pleasing myself, never yielded me."

Of Mrs. Walker, the parson's wife, Miss Palgrave gives us a pretty picture. Her day began at dawn, when she rose to pray. At six o'clock she called her maids, heard them read a chapter in the Bible, and then superintended their labours. Part of the morning she spent in sewing. The afternoon she divided between visiting the poor and instructing her children. In the evening her two daughters accompanied her to their father's study for religious instruction. When they had been dismissed, the husband and wife said their prayers together; after which she would herself bring him his evening meal—a service which she would never hand over to any domestic.

One quaint custom of Mrs. Walker's is related. On the anniversary of their wedding-day she and her husband were wont to entertain their friends at dinner. "The crowning ornament of the table was a dish of pies, made by Mrs. Walker herself, their number corresponding with the years of her married life. On the last anniversary before her death in 1690, a pyramid of thirty-nine pies made its appearance."

The deaths, within a short time of each other, of her father-in-law and then of his eldest son, made Mary Rich's husband Earl of Warwick in 1659.

All through her subsequent life, the Countess of Warwick tried to share with others the spiritual blessings she herself enjoyed. One of the most interesting chapters in Miss Palgrave's book is the account she gives of a letter written by Lady Warwick to the Earl of Berkeley, and which was afterwards published as *Rules for a Holy Life*. Nor did she confine herself to giving good counsel to those like-minded with herself. In the year 1677 she was visited at the Leighs by her nephew, Lord Ranelagh, and Mr. Progers, the latter being *valet-de-chambre* to Charles II., and the confidant of his amours. She says in her diary—

"I talked to Mr. Progers and pressed him to forsake his sins."

She survived both her husband and her only son, having lost her only daughter in infancy, and died in 1678, leaving behind her the memory and influence of a well-spent, useful life.—C. H. I.

"to come in and try what peace, happiness and comfort there is in thy most holy ways, in which I did then find such contentment, as all my forepast

¹ *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*: "Saintly Lives" Series, edited by Dr. R. F. Horton. J. M. Dent and Co.



Drawn by

John Schöenberg

FIRING A SHOT BY ELECTRICITY IN A LANCASHIRE COAL MINE



Drawn by

SEARCHING FOR FIRE-DAMP IN A LANCASHIRE COAL MINE

John Schönberg

Alliteration's Artful Aid

ALLITERATION, or the placing together of words beginning with the same letter or otherwise similar, may seem a mere trick of style, and a poor enough trick to boot; but it has its uses, and besides gratifying the ear, it may contribute in skilful hands both pith and colour to style. Alliteration at the beginning of words corresponds to rhyme at the end; with this difference, that alliteration commonly deals with consonants and rhyme with vowels. The title of this paper, abbreviated from Churchill's fuller form, "apt alliteration's artful aid," is hardly a legitimate sample of the art. The more proper usage, that is, the employment of consonants instead of vowels, is seen in the line:

"Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."

or in Shakespeare's caricature of the practice:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Students of English poetry are familiar with the fact that, in the earliest period of our literature, alliteration was very often the basis of our poetry. The practice came from Scandinavia. Even prose was considered—but by inferior writers—to be adorned by a copious use of alliteration; for instance, Aldhelm, an English writer of the seventh century, adorned his Latin prose in such fashion as this: "Primitus (pantorum procerum prætorumque pio potissimum paternoque præsertim privilegio), panegyricum poemataque passim prosatori sub polo promulgantes, stridula vocum symphonia ac melodix cantilenæque carmine modulaturi hymnizemus."

Seven hundred years later we find the practice in full swing in poetry, as in the following extract from Langland's "Piers Ploughman's Vision and Creed":

"Thanne gan I meten—a mervellous swevene
That I was in a wilderness—wiste I nevere
where;
And as I beheeld into the cest—an heigh to the
sonne

I seigh a tour on a toft,—trielihe y-maked,
A deep dale benethe,—a dongeon thereinne
With deep ditches and derke—and dredful of
sighte.

A fair feeld ful of folk—fond I ther betwene,
Of all manner of men—the meene and the riche,
Werchyng and wandryng—as the world asketh.
Some putten hem to the plough—pleiden ful
selde,

In settyng and sowyng,—swonken ful harde,
And wonnen that wastours,—with glotonye dys-
troyeth."

It is hard for us to understand what pleasure this arrangement of words could give to the ear or anything else. Perhaps the effect is a little more picturesque in the poet's account of the siege of conscience by the seven deadly sins, where a host of plagues and diseases is sent forth from the planets:

"Kynde Conscience tho herde, and cam out of the
planetes,
And sente forth his forreyours, feveres, and fluxes,
Coughes and cardiacles, crampes and tooth-aches,
Reumes and radegundes, and roynous scabbes,
Biles and bocches, and brennyng agues,
Frenesies and foule yveles, forageres of kynde."

We pass from Langland to Chaucer, and though the interval is short, we find the early alliterative method abandoned, and rhyme in full swing. But alliteration was far from being banished from our literature. It only ceased to be the formal basis of poetry, the popular taste now favouring rhyme, and that of various sorts. In the time of Shakespeare, among other varieties, double rhymes had begun to be used as an occasional form. Witness his twentieth sonnet:

"A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.

Alliteration's Artful Aid

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she pricked thee out for woman's
pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their trea-
sure."

Even in modern poetry alliteration is occasionally combined with rhyme, and to good effect. A familiar instance occurs in *The Ancient Mariner*:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Coleridge seems to have thought that in the second line he had been guilty of "the trick that turns the poet into an artisan," for in a future edition the line ran:

"The furrow streamed out free,"

a poor change, substituting a somewhat stiff expression for one much better adapted to express the free, onward movement of the water in the track of a ship.

In prose, alliteration, whether in consonants or vowels, has been in use in all ages and in all languages. We find it so early as the second verse of Genesis: "the earth was—tôhu va-vôhu—without form and void." A form of doubling verbs is very frequent to denote emphasis—"In the day thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die." "Seeing they shall see and not perceive, and hearing they shall hear and not understand." In the Greek New Testament, alliteration is not uncommon, but our translation, whether revised or authorised, fails to bring it out. Thus, in John xv. 2: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit he taketh away (*hairei*); and every branch that beareth not fruit he pruneth (*kathairei*)." St. Paul occasionally employs it, as in his catalogue of sins in Rom. i.—"full of envy, murder" is, *mestous phthonou, phonou*; "without understanding, covenant breakers" is *asunêtous, asunthêtous*. So also in Rom. ii. 1, "Wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself," we find the two verbs *krineis* and *katakrineis*. In 2 Thess. iii. 11 for "working not at all, but busybodies" we have the very expressive form *mêde ergazomênous, alla periergazomênous*. And to give but one other instance, in James i. 6, "He that wavereth is as a wave of the sea driven by the wind

and tossed" (where the play on the word "wave" and "wavereth" is purely a matter of English translation), no effort has been made to reproduce the form of *anemizomênô* and *ripizomênô* of the original. "Wind-driven and tempest-driven" might be an approximation.

What are the purposes served in prose literature by these alliterative forms of speech? It is hardly enough to say that they please the ear, although we cannot pass by a cause that goes so far to account for the popularity of rhyme. What is there but the jingle to recommend Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase, "men of light and leading," a phrase that will hardly stand analysis, for whoever heard a leader called a man of leading? In like manner, the popularity of the phrase that we are constantly hearing in connection with the House of Lords, "end it or mend it," is due to its sound alone, for otherwise "abolish it or reform it" would undoubtedly be preferred. "Rough and ready" must be attributed to the same cause; in strict composition it would be "rough but ready," because the one quality is contrasted with the other; but the ear prefers the less correct form, and it comes more glibly from the tongue. In German, such expressions are very abundant, e.g. *Rath und That*; *Tritt und Schritt*; *Band und Rand*; *Sichten und Richten*; *Handel und Wandel*; *Leben und Weben*.

But in a literary point of view, the recommendation of alliteration is that it conveys a fuller and more vivid impression of the object to which it is applied. To say that a certain act was "part and parcel" of some plan or proceeding is to denote that it was a very essential feature of it. To send one away "bag and baggage," is to make a very thorough riddance of him. To be "art and part" in a conspiracy is to be something more than a conspirator. To be driven from "post to pillar," is to go through an endless series of worrying dealings with this person and that. "By hook or by crook" suggests a policy that sticks at nothing. "First and foremost" denotes a marked pre-eminence; "last not least" an important member of the rear. "Wear and tear," whether used literally or figuratively, denotes the result of not a little strife or sorrow; "weeping and wailing," "sobbing and sighing," suggest extreme forms of suffering. To describe one as having "neither chick nor child" is more than to call him childless; to sell him "out of house and hall" is more than to make him

Alliteration's Artful Aid

homeless. O'Connell's celebrated sneer at the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs" suggested a fulness and variety of wickedness that, if it had been serious, would have ruined the party for ever.

Alliteration is also very suitable for contrasts, helping to intensify opposite qualities. "Come weal, come woe" denotes the two extremes of fortune; and as the names of the two places where these have their climax begin with the same letter, it is easy to intensify the contrast between them, as in "Hamlet"—"bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell." So also resemblances are often expressed with great neatness alliteratively: "weak as water," "mild as milk," "good as gold," "proud as Punch," "cool as a cucumber."

In proverbs, too, when truth has to be packed into the shortest and pithiest form, and fitted to the memory, it is very serviceable: "Waste not, want not"; "Wilful waste makes woeful want"; "Fast bind, fast find"; "Omittance is no quittance"; "Time and tide wait for no man"; "Penny-wise, pound-foolish"; "Far off fowls have fair feathers"; "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady"; "Better rue sittin' than rue flittin'"—a Scotch proverb for those who often change their house.

Mottoes are sometimes very happy in their alliteration; the Volunteer motto could not have been surpassed—"Defence, not Defiance." The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland has for its motto "Olim Marte, nunc Arte," to denote the turning of the sword into the ploughshare; though an English wag once gave it a very different meaning: "Once you were robbers, now you are thieves."

In a mild way, alliteration lends itself to humour, as when some small but noisy argument is represented as a question of tweedledum or tweedledee. In fiction it helps to give suitable names to grotesque characters. Meg Merrilies in Sir Walter Scott is a grotesque character; so is Edie Ochiltree and Maggie Mucklebackit; while douce Davie Deans is also a character in his way, but of a more serious type. Dandie Dinmont, too, is a remarkable character. Alliteration came handy to the Roundhead divine, whose grace before meat invoked no blessing, but something very different on "Popery, prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak." Yet it is not easy to understand the freak that led Sir Walter himself to issue his letters on the currency under the barbarous pseudonym of Malachi Malagrowthier.

In the selection of *noms des plumes*, the alliterative form has often been a favourite. Witness Peter Pindar, Peter Parley, Piers Ploughman, Fanny Fern, Maria Monk, Sam Slick, Willie Wastle, Valentine Vox. We have samples of alliterative names in other popular writings, as Tracy Tupperman and Nicholas Nickleby; also in Timothy Tickler in the famous "Noctes Ambrosianae."

Occasionally the titles of books have exemplified the usage, as in "Love's Labour's Lost," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Chronicles of the Canongate," Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or Gifford's "Baviad and Mæviad." Nicknames, too, have been much indebted to alliteration. "Jingling Geordie," as King James called his jeweller, George Heriot; "Bodsy Bowers," Lord Byron's first schoolmaster in Aberdeen; "Rab the Ranter," as Burns nicknamed himself; "Soapy Sam," a bishop distinguished for diplomacy, and "Dirty Douglas," a lawyer of another habit, not much given to the use of soap—are instances of a practice of which every reader will readily recall many more.

We have yet to advert to a form of alliteration which is very common in our language, but more in conversation than in books. We mean doubled, or as they are called technically, reduplicated words, one of the words generally differing slightly from the other. Such words as tittle-tattle, helter-skelter, pell-mell, namby-pamby, higgledy-piggledy, will show what we mean. Perhaps some reader will be surprised to learn that no fewer than six hundred words of this form have been counted up in our language.¹

Sometimes the word is simply doubled, as in pooh-pooh, tick-tick, puff-puff; but much more frequently one of the words is slightly changed, the change being made in various ways. Very frequently the first letter is changed, as in namby-pamby, hubble-bubble, hugger-mugger, hurry-scurry, peepy-weepy; and it is remarked that nearly half the words in this class begin with *h*. Very often, likewise, the change is in the middle of the word, as in chit-chat, mingle-mangle, shilly-shally; and in this class about a fourth of the words are made by changing *i* into *o*, as in ding-dong, sing-song, chip-chop, criss-cross. Much less frequently a letter is either added or subtracted from the word—added, as in argle-

¹ See Wheatley's "Dictionary of Reduplicated Words." Appendix to "Transactions of the Philological Society" 1865.

bargle, where, as we find from J. A. H. Murray's Dictionary, *argle* is probably a popular corruption of *argue*; subtracted, as in "art and part," the foundation word being manifestly *part*. It is about equally common to find the change made on the first and on the second word; *hurry-scurry* is an example of the one, *dilly-dally* of the other; *hurry* being evidently the basis of the first, and *dally* of the second.

Such are the facts; but what is the explanation? Various causes seem to be concerned in the process.

1. Thus, first, it is often a way of giving that emphasis to words which would naturally come from repeating them. Repetition, pure and simple, is not popular, it is monotonous, and to avoid monotony a slight change is made on one of the words. Perhaps, too, in the thing itself there is something expressing a certain variety, which the change brings out. To *shilly-shally* is to move mentally on this side and on that, and the doubled word helps this conception. *Hurry-scurry* is not simple rapidity, but a confused kind of rapidity. Reduplication thus serves the combined purpose of emphasis, fulness, and picturesqueness.

2. It may seem strange, but there are instances where the purpose of reduplication seems to be the very opposite of this—it denotes a kind of diminutive. We see this in an odd practice of some nurses and mothers, in speaking to little children, to alter and double common words, adding the termination of a diminutive. Who does not know the story of the gentleman who offered a ride in his carriage to a nurse and child on condition that no gibberish should be spoken? Hardly were they seated when the nurse congratulated the child on the nice *ridy-pidy* he was getting in the coachy-poachy; whereupon, opening the door, the gentleman resolutely set them down, to have a nice "walky-palky on the roady-poady."

3. On other occasions the purpose seems to be to express something grotesque. And here imagination may take a bolder flight, and instead of using a known word as the basis, it may invent one. The kind of eccentricity expressed by *harum-scarum* it would be hard to put in better words. *Helter-skelter* is a happy expression to denote a rough-and-tumble sort of motion in defiance of all order and grace. *Hoity-toity* is equally expressive in its way. Is there not in some men a capacity of invent-

ing words remarkably well fitted to denote peculiar aspects of things, and when the faculty is happily employed, do not others repeat the expression until it becomes "part and parcel" of current speech? How are we otherwise to account for that expressive Scotch term "*rummlegumption*"? Or for two phrases in a Scotch story book, of which an English critic expressed his admiration, "the hail clamjamfrey o' them," where an Englishman could only say "the whole lot of them"; and "an unco stramash," where he would have to say "an extraordinary turmoil"? We are reminded of Andrew Fairservice's description of the cathedral of Glasgow—"Ah, it's a braw kirk; nane o' your whig-maleeries, and curlie-wurlies, and open-steek hems about it; a' solid, weel-jointed mason wark that will stand as lang as the world, keep hand and gunpowther aff it."

There must have been a time when double words were produced in considerable numbers—when there was a fashion of reduplication, freely indulged in. Many of the six hundred forms are now obsolete, and comparatively few have been added for a long time. Perhaps the most recent addition is one which we have derived from the French—*bric-à-brac*. Old dictionaries know it not. Dr. Murray can find no more ancient authority for it than Thackeray's "*Philip*," written in 1862. George Eliot, Miss Braddon, and Mark Twain are the only other English authorities. Already, however, it has lent itself to humour and become an adjective, as in George Eliot—"I think he is a good fellow, rather miscellaneous and *bric-à-brac*, but likable." Even the French hardly know how to account for it; it is said by Littré to be formed after the phrase, "*de bric et de broc*," "by hook or by crook." The natives of the South Sea Islands have lately invented another alliterative expression; finding French visitors constantly answering questions by *oui, oui*, they have dubbed the nation *Wee-wees*.

The formation of language is a great subject; we have but touched a morsel of its fringe. It is strange to think how, from time immemorial, man has been struggling with hardly any definite consciousness of his object, to make language a better and better instrument for expressing his thoughts. It is on these lines that the world is marching on, with a never-ceasing hope that one day it will reach the goal.

W. GARDEN BLAICKIE.

The Heroes of Civil Life

"PEACE hath her victories," says Milton, "no less renowned than war." Peace, we may add, hath her heroisms too, and one of the noblest of our great modern painters is promoting a scheme for a permanent record of some of them. In September 1887, when in the newspapers there were being made a good many suggestions for commemorating the first Jubilee of the Queen's reign, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., a man who for the greater part of a long life has been the teacher and inspirer of his generation through the medium of his Art, wrote a letter to the *Times*, suggesting that it would redound to the glory of the Queen's reign and would be a source of inspiration and stimulus to the nation at large if some such record could be made—a roll of honour for the heroes and heroines of everyday life.

"The character of a nation as a people of great deeds," wrote Mr. Watts, "is one, it appears to me, that should never be lost sight of. It must surely be a matter of regret when names worthy to be remembered and stories stimulating and instructive are allowed to be forgotten. The roll would be a long one," continued the writer, and as an illustration of the kind of deed he would commemorate, he told the story of Alice Ayres, the maid-of-all-work at an oil-shop in Gravel Lane in April 1885.

It is not, by the way, from the fact that this brave girl was in so humble a position in life that the illustrious painter desired that her deed should be recorded. He would perpetuate the memory of all who have heroically given their lives for others without hope of fee or reward, whether high or low, rich or poor. He does not propose to include those whose duty it is, if need be, to die in the pursuit of their vocation, such as military and naval men. He does not, of course, in any way disparage their deeds of bravery, but for them there are other recognitions. It is the unpremeditated, spontaneous act of heroism, the heroism of civil life, the sacrifice over and above the requirements of strict duty, or even where there seems to be no actual duty at all, that Mr. Watts is anxious to exalt and magnify in the general estimation, and he would make no distinction of class whatever. Gentle or simple, high or low, rich or poor, he would

perpetuate their memories if they have gallantly given their lives to save others.

Alice Ayres was one of these. She was roused from her sleep by the cries of "Fire!" and the heat of the fiercely-advancing flames, and she rushed to the window of an upper storey of the house. The excited crowd down below held out clothes and other things, and urged her to leap for life. If she had had no thought but for herself, she would have done so and possibly have escaped uninjured. But the lassie had a brave, kind heart and a clear head, and her master's children were in peril of a terrible death in those fierce flames, and she could not leave them. She rushed back from the window, and in an instant re-appeared, dragging a feather-bed, which with great difficulty she heaved out upon the crowd below. Again she vanished, while the flames from the oil-shop beneath were bellowing furiously upward, and again she came to the window, this time with a child of ten years of age in her arms. With great coolness and care she dropped the little one on to the outstretched bed uninjured. In a similar way she saved two other children older than the first, and only when the frantic cheers below proclaimed the safety of the bairns did she leap for her own life. Alas! poor girl, she was no doubt by this time highly excited and a good deal unnerved, and perhaps in some degree exhausted by smoke and heat and exertion, and instead of leaping on to the feather-bed she came crashing down upon the cruel pavement, and was borne off insensible to the hospital, where she died—surely as noble a death as ever was met amid the roar of cannon and the clash of arms, and one as worthy to be honoured and cherished in memory.

It is this sort of thing that it is proposed to rescue from oblivion, and to put on perpetual record for the stimulus and emulation of others.

"It is not too much to say," concluded the great painter, "that the history of Her Majesty's reign would gain a lustre were the nation to erect a monument, say here in London, to record the names of these likely-to-be-forgotten heroes. I cannot but believe a general response would be made to such a suggestion, and intelligent con-

The Heroes of Civil Life

sideration and artistic power might combine to make London richer by a work that is beautiful, and our nation richer by a record that is infinitely honourable. The prosperity of a nation," finely adds Mr. Watts, 'is not an abiding possession; the deeds of a people are.'

This was not the first time the distinguished Royal Academician had advocated a scheme of the kind. He had been urging it for years, and he thought that the enthusiasm of the Queen's Jubilee might afford the means of giving it practical shape. Unfortunately it met with no support, and if the idea had originated with some men, probably little or nothing further would have been heard of it. But the painter of *Love and Death*, *Endymion*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and a long series of other pictures that the nation has deemed worthy of its finest galleries, is a man of persistent purpose, and he has tenaciously held on to the main idea, though he has modified his scheme for giving effect to it. As the proposal to embody in a splendid monument that should redound to the glory of the Victorian era, these stories of gallant deeds in civil life, was not taken up, Mr. Watts gave the project another form, and at least one very gratifying and generous response was made to his appeal. The Red Cross Society, at the prompting of Miss Octavia Hill, took up the idea, and Mr. Walter Crane undertook to set forth some of the selected incidents for the pictorial embellishment of the hall of the Society. This method of commemoration, however, although very highly appreciated by the originator of the general idea, was scarcely what he intended. It was delightful and beautiful work of Mr. Crane's, he said, but it scarcely fell in with his purpose. He did not wish to pick out here and there an heroic deed and to give it prominence over all others; he wished to record them all in the simplest manner, and to bring the influence of their noble example to bear, not merely upon those who might chance to go into a hall, but upon the largest possible number of the whole people. He suggested that tablets of a very simple character and merely recording the events, with names and dates, might be put upon the walls of public buildings, or in any other prominent positions in which they could be seen and their lessons read.

But even in this simpler form it has been only within the past year or two that anything has been practically done, and that,

as Mr. Watts himself has said, has been largely owing to the efforts of the Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, the Rev. R. H. Gamble. The burial-ground of St. Botolph's has been converted into the "Postmen's Park"—a small ornamental garden at the northern end of the General Post Office. It was pointed out that this little oasis of verdure in the stony wastes of the City, this little resting-place of peace and pleasantness in the midst of the noise and turmoil of London's most strenuous life, would be a very appropriate spot for a commencement in the public display of these commemorative tablets.

"The funds," Mr. Watts has explained to an interviewer, whose report has been published, "should be collected from the general public. Personally I have laboured for the past forty-five years upon works which will be presented to the nation; work which is therefore practically unremunerative, so that I am not a rich man, but I will willingly contribute what I can in order to give the project a start."

Accordingly, there has been set up on the northern side of this Postmen's Park a small cloister, constituting a shelter and resting-place. The ground it occupies was purchased by subscription, but Mr. Watts has borne the whole expense of the memorial. It is a "lean-to" built against the end of an old building, and is of a construction so solid and substantial that centuries hence it may still be sheltering weary Londoners. It is of solid oak timber and yellow glazed brick, with a red-brick floor and a red-tiled roof. Beneath it is a long seat of oak and brickwork, and along the front beam of it, in letters of gold, is inscribed "In commemoration of heroic self-sacrifice." Above the seats on the wall at the back, space is provided for a hundred and twenty such tablets as have been mentioned. This distinguished painter has himself undertaken the responsibility of having careful research made for all reported cases of heroic self-sacrifice throughout the late Queen's reign—a very long and troublesome business. A lady has been employed to go carefully through the files of the *Times* from the year 1837 and onwards, noting all cases that seem to be worthy of commemoration. Every record is as far as possible authenticated before adoption, various accounts are collated, and often a good deal of correspondence is found necessary, so that, instead of being a work of a few months, as

The Heroes of Civil Life

was anticipated, it is really requiring years to get through, and as it is scarcely practicable to make a satisfactory selection and arrangement until the roll is fairly complete, the Aldersgate Walhalla is as yet, for the greater part of its space, without its records. The "Park" and the cloister were formally opened in July 1900, and by way of showing the completed idea, four typical cases were presented. Here are the four brief statements set forth in plain enamelled metal tablets along beneath the shelter:—

THOMAS GRIFFIN, fitter's labourer, April 12, 1899, in a boiler explosion at a Battersea sugar-refinery was fatally scalded in returning to search for his mate.

WALTER PEART, driver, and HARRY BEAN, fireman, of the Windsor Express, on July 18, 1899, whilst being scalded and burnt, sacrificed their lives in saving their train.

MARY ROGERS, stewardess of *The Stella*, March 30, 1899, self-sacrificed by giving up her life-belt and voluntarily going down in the sinking ship.

GEORGE STEPHEN FUNNELL, police-constable, December 22, 1899, in a fire at the Elephant and Castle, Wick Road, Hackney Wick, after rescuing two lives, went back into the flames, saving a barmaid at the risk of his own life.

The tablets themselves are perhaps the weak point in the scheme. They are no doubt very durable and of artistic design, but they are hardly sufficiently imposing, and the necessity for restricting the record to the smallest possible number of words renders them somewhat bald and ineffective. The fourth of them conveys a wrong impression, too. The constable, Funnell, did

not merely risk his life, he actually lost it. It is, indeed, the purpose of the scheme to commemorate only such deeds as result in the sacrifice of life. This no doubt will be amended, and when the permanent display comes to be made, possibly something more striking in form and colour may be adopted. A design that may be very satisfactory on paper often suffers very grievously at the hands of the manufacturer in the process of translation, and this probably has been the case here. The distinguished Royal Academician, it may be as well to say, had no hand in the designing of these plates.

When the annals of the late Queen's reign have been examined, and all the publicly-recorded acts of heroism have been enrolled, then will come the question of selection. It may very likely be found expedient, if not absolutely necessary, to make some sort of local limit to this St. Botolph scheme. It is suggested that the deeds emblazoned here shall be those that have been enacted within a given radius of the Postmen's Park, or within the limits of London. But the illustrious roll that is slowly growing on Mr. Watts' hands relates to acts of self-sacrifice all over the country, and it might well serve for other localities in which there may be aroused a public-spirited desire permanently to recognise valour and devotion that have found a glorious death in the voluntary service of humanity. Happily such deeds are confined to no one place. Wherever human lives are imperilled and human pity is stirred in bold hearts, immortal deeds may be done, and they are the likelier to be done if splendid examples are held up to honour and admiration. It is a wise and noble movement, worthy the conception of a noble-minded man, and it is well worth the imitation of all the populous centres of the kingdom.

G. F. MILLIN.





Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Drought in Australia

FEW people have any idea of the terrible havoc which a great "drought" does in the Australian colonies—more particularly N.S.W. and Queensland. Here are the official figures for Queensland:—

	1892	1900	Decrease
Cattle	5,053,836	4,078,192	975,644
Sheep	15,226,479	10,339,185	4,887,294

That is, in one year, nearly five million sheep disappeared, and nearly a million cattle. The total of Queensland live stock in 1900 was less than twenty-one million, while in 1892 it was nearly twenty-nine million—a loss of eight million head. The present drought has lasted for six years, and though some rain has fallen lately, the drought is not broken yet. There are places where no rain at all has fallen for three or four years, and a story is told of a six-year-old child who had never seen rain, and who rushed inside screaming with terror when at last a shower fell. Even the wild animals are dying in scores, and such swift-footed birds as the emu can be run down and caught on foot. It would naturally be thought that such a drought would mean the ruin of a colony, but such is far from the case. When the drought breaks the rain falls in torrents, as if to make up for past omissions, and in a few weeks the erstwhile desert is a veritable paradise. The grass grows like magic, and soon there is a waving sea of herbage, with myriads of native animals—kangaroo, emu, wild turkey, bilby. The squatter's sheep and cattle once more revel in luxurious feed, and though it is some time before the depleted flocks and herds recover, a

few good seasons result in a complete return to prosperity.—F. S. S.

Consumption in Australia

CONSIDERABLE public interest has been aroused by a speech delivered lately by Sir John Madden, when Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, on "The Ravages of Consumption." He remarked that "the ever-recurring loss from tubercular disease in the world was not even distantly approached by the carnage for which war was responsible," and then proceeded to deal with the position here. Australia is a young and healthy country, yet the death-rate from consumption in Melbourne is three per thousand, a proportion equal to that in London from the same disease. It is popularly supposed at home that the climate of Australia is one of the finest for a consumptive patient, and so it is in many of the dry northern areas, but not in Melbourne. Its climate is perhaps as variable as any in the world, a sudden change of wind to the south being responsible for a drop in temperature of twenty-five degrees in as many minutes, and this is the severest test to which a consumptive patient can be put.

It would be well to make this fact more widely known, that when a patient is shipped off to Australia, he should be prepared to proceed up country immediately; if not, in too many instances, he dies in the city, friendless and alone. He sometimes dies on board the vessel on the way out, and there can hardly be a sadder end than to pass away, surrounded by strangers, far from home and loved ones, in the grip of a disease which demands so much care and attention in its last stages.

A brave effort is being made to cope with the

Over-Sea Notes

needs of the sufferers in our midst, and sanatoria have been established, where the open-air cure can be carried out to the best advantage in dry districts, and much has also been effected educationally, in inculcating the principles of hygiene in homes where consumption is already.

In addition, public opinion is being aroused on the question of expectoration in the streets. Unless more care is displayed, this filthy habit will become an intolerable nuisance, and a great disseminator of germs.

The agitation has even extended to the practice of trailing the skirt, which acts as a gatherer of refuse in its passage over the pavement, but whether it will be possible to do anything effective with the customs of fashion is another matter.—A. J. W.

Making Washington Beautiful

THE site of the capital of the United States was selected by George Washington, and the plan of the city was laid out in 1790, while he was still President. It was in 1800, just after his death, that Congress first met there, and through the nineteenth century, while something of the original plan was preserved, and some fine Government buildings were erected, the growth of Washington was irregular and haphazard. The selection of a site was a difficult matter, and was effected only at the cost of some compromise; but the idea of George Washington that the mouth of the Potomac would become the great central mart of the United States has never been realised, and until very lately Washington has been only a political and administrative capital, and not a residential city, or the home of wealth or culture. There is now a growing tendency to make Washington a residential city, and with this tendency there has been revived a movement for the improvement and beautifying of the city.

The last Congress appointed a commission to devise means to this end, and the two gentlemen who formed the commission, after carefully studying the ground and the rivers of Washington, went abroad to visit all the principal cities of Europe in search of ideas. On their return they announced that after all their research, they felt that they could not do better than carry out the plan of the able engineer who was employed by George Washington to lay out the plan of the city. This engineer was a Frenchman, who had served in the Revolutionary army—Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant. He had shown his ability in erecting forts and batteries, and also in remodelling the City Hall of New

York and the Federal Building in Philadelphia. He had great faith in the future of the United States, then a newly-born nation of three million people, and his scheme was for a capital city worthy a nation of five hundred millions, controlling the whole North American continent. After George Washington's retirement, L'Enfant's plans were thwarted, and he himself was supplanted by a young Pennsylvanian surveyor. But the general lines of the city had been laid down, and to these lines the present commissioners return.

They now propose to lay out a number of small parks and to erect several fountains, with an ample flow of water drawn from the Potomac, and also a number of statues which were included in the plans of L'Enfant. At present there is around the city of Washington an extensive area of low-lying land forming flats along the Anacostia River, a tributary of the Potomac. These are both unhealthy and unbeautiful. They are to be filled up and converted into parks, which will add greatly to the attractions of Washington as a healthy and beautiful residential city. If the scheme is fully carried out, it is hard to imagine that any city in the New or the Old World will surpass Washington in the magnificent plan of its streets and avenues, and the general brightness and attractiveness of the city.—A. G. P.

River Pollution in the United States

THE United States is beginning to wrestle with a problem which for the last twelve years has occupied much attention in England. When the Local Government Act of 1888 set up the County Councils, power was given for the formation of Boards to deal with the pollution of water-courses, and as a result of their twelve years' labour, England is beginning again to enjoy her rivers, which before had been allowed in many cases to become hideous and noisome drains. In the United States the rivers are in general on a far larger scale than the English rivers, and very few examples of pollution can be found so extreme as the Irwell and the Irk in Manchester, or the Mersey above tide-water.

There is, however, a very serious side to the pollution of American rivers, which does not exist in the case of English rivers, and that is that the polluted streams are frequently the sole source of water supplies of towns and cities on their banks. The city of Chicago, with her population of about two millions, recently constructed a canal at a cost of over thirty million dollars to divert her sewage from Lake Michigan,

whence she draws her own water supply, and to carry all her drainage into the Mississippi; and St. Louis, some four hundred miles below on the river, has to include Chicago's drainage in its daily household supply. A very great increase of typhoid fever in St. Louis has been noticed since the drainage canal was opened, and a suit is now pending in the Federal courts, wherein St. Louis demands that Chicago shall abate the nuisance. The water supply of Philadelphia is drawn from the Schuylkill, which receives the drainage of a dozen cities before it reaches the intake for the Philadelphia supply, and the yearly loss of life in Philadelphia from typhoid fever, which is attributed to polluted water, equals the loss in many a small war. The Passaic of New Jersey is another outstanding example of dangerous pollution, and even the noble Hudson and the Connecticut are not free from a similar reproach.

To meet the dangers which threaten from so foul a condition of the rivers, the United States Geological Survey is employing a number of scientific men to investigate the condition of the country's water-ways, and is inviting the co-operation of the State Governments in the work of checking pollution and restoring purity. The scientific disposal of sewage and of industrial refuse has, however, as yet received very little attention in the United States, and much will have to be done before there will be no further market for the great five-gallon glass jars of pure water which are commonly on sale in all cities where the water supply is not above suspicion.—A. G. P.

The Iron Mines of Wabana Island

AT the far eastern extremity of Newfoundland, just about two thousand miles from London, and a couple of hundred miles further south than our Metropolis, is a bay opening northwards, known as Conception Bay. In the bay is an island, usually called Bell Island, a name common to four or five of the outlying Newfoundland islands. The Indian name is Wabana Island, and by

this name it is likely henceforward to be known. Until a few years ago this island was as unimportant and as unknown to the great world as any island of its size could well be. It is only nine miles long by two miles wide, and its few inhabitants were simply farmers or fisher-folk, or partly farmers, partly fishermen, as are so many of the islanders in those parts.

About six or seven years ago, so the story goes in Newfoundland, a fisherman came into St. John's with a cargo of fish caught in Conception Bay. A curious block of stone, which he had used as an anchor for his boat while fishing, attracted the attention of a gentleman who had some knowledge of mining and minerals, and on examination this block was found to be iron ore of good quality. A party of experts crossed over to the island to explore its resources, and found that on the northern side of the island, at a very considerable height above sea-level, there was what might be described as a hill of iron ore. The iron ore is not actually on the surface, though it crops out here and there. It is covered by a thin layer of stone which has to be stripped away. Beneath the stone is a thick mass of iron ore seven or eight feet deep, and below this another layer of stone. These layers alternate something like a huge sandwich, and it is estimated that the iron ore goes down to the sea-level, if not below. The whole area covered by the iron ore is about eight hundred acres, and it has been calculated



DOME IRON AND STEEL CO. LTD., WABANA ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND, SHOWING PIER, WEST TRAMWAY, ETC.

Over-Sea Notes

that the yield of iron ore will amount to about thirty-five million tons.

About 1897, this deposit of iron ore came into the possession of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, who began to develop the mine and to use some of the ore at their iron and steel plant at New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, where there is abundant coal. To convey the ore to Nova Scotia, a shipping-pier was constructed on the south side of the island, where there is a natural and well-protected harbour. The northern shore is exposed, and liable to winter storms and ice-blocks. From the mountain, where the mine is situated, runs a gravitation railway, down which go the laden wagons until they reach the shipping-pier, where they run out on an elevated trestle, and are dumped into bins from which the ore is discharged straight into the holds of freight steamers.

The word mine is usually associated with underground working and deep shafts; but there is nothing of this in connection with the Wabana iron mine. All the work is on the surface, and the gravitation railway does the rest.

In 1899 a large part of the Wabana ore passed into the hands of a new company—the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, which owns a magnificent new steel plant at Sydney, Cape Breton. This company has constructed new gravitation tramways, and is mining the ore at a much more rapid rate than was done previously. About a million tons of ore a year will be needed at the Sydney plant when it is in full working, and this vast supply of ore from Wabana is making possible a new industrial future for the whole of Nova Scotia, and converting what was, until recently, a quiet agricultural, mining and fishing population into a busy centre of the iron and steel industry.—A. G. P.

India: On a Cash Basis

CASH is indissolubly bound up with our social existence, so that it is indeed scarcely conceivable that such a fabric could have been built up without it. Nothing perhaps could better illustrate the difference between the economic condition of our own industrial community and the agricultural one of our great Eastern Empire than an examination of both in this one aspect. The home conditions are, of course, familiar. Those of India perhaps less so. It is not too much to say that in the ordinary transactions of daily life ninety per cent. of the population of India are independent of cash.

The fundamental occupation of all castes and races is agriculture. The land is cultivated on a

family system, and from the surplus members of the families who have small holdings, the daily labourers of the larger landholders are drawn.

As the capital of a landless man is his labour, the disposal of it is an economical transaction of the first importance. The labourer here as elsewhere demands a living wage—but not in cash. His day's work over, he receives from his employer two seers (four pounds) of more or less inferior grain, at which rate the wage is fixed by convention, and which he adds to the common stock. The carpenter who makes the plough, the smith who forges the mattock, the barber who shaves the heads of the male members at times of family mourning, are all paid in kind. Under our predecessors the revenue was received in a similar manner, and the firm position which the zemindars had obtained and which caused them to be recognised as land-owners at the time of the conquest, is due to the fact that the revenues which they received in kind were in great part remitted in cash. A European government where the civil establishment is necessarily small cannot defend itself against the loss and abuses necessarily connected with such a course, and has protected itself by a decision to receive its due in cash. This is the first point of contact with the cash-using world. The State requires its revenues to be paid at stated periods, fixed, it is true, at the times in relation to the harvest at which it is least likely to press on the cultivator, but still rigorously fixed. And at these times cash must be had, and of course must be obtained in exchange for produce. The rupees must be found by a fixed date, and the bunia who acts as a medium between the worlds of cash and no-cash is very often in a position to make his own terms.

When the writer first went to the East he noticed that the gangmen on the railway with which he was connected found it necessary to return home at intervals of about a fortnight. He inquired the reason, and was told, "Sida ke wastes," "For provisions." "What," he asked, "is there no bazaar?" When everybody laughed he concluded that he had said something very ridiculous, and asked no more questions, but set himself to find out by other means. The inquiry incidentally cleared up another mystery—why men worked on railways at all. These men are surplus members of families of cultivators, and for the sake of the regular cash income of Rs. 5 a month undertook these labours, contributing the cash to the family store. Thus the connection with the cash world was established and the bunia's exactions avoided.—E. F. S.

Science and Discovery

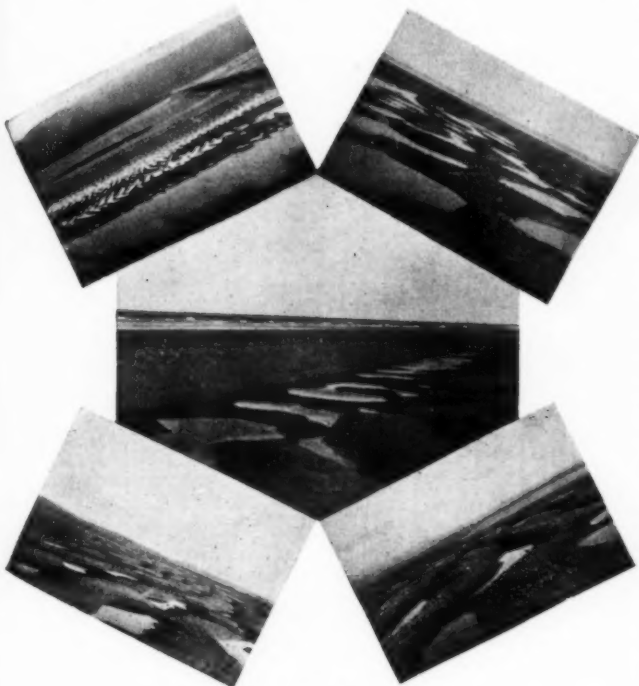
BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Waves of Sand

DR. VAUGHAN CORNISH has for several years made a study of natural wave formations of many kinds, such as waves of sand on sea-shores and in deserts, waves of snow, and wave-like clouds. A number of interesting results have been obtained in the course of the investigation. For instance, by marking out a plot with stakes driven deeply into a sand-bank in

found exposed at low tide were three feet from crest to crest, but there are all sizes from this up to fifty-four feet from crest to crest. These waves are, however, quite distinct from the small ripples seen on sands at the sea-side. In the central picture here reproduced with others from photographs by Dr. Cornish, the distance from ridge to ridge was, on the average, eleven feet six inches. The change in size, direction, and depth of tidal sand ridges of this kind afford

an admirable means of mapping tidal currents on shores where sand-waves are preserved above low-water mark.



STUDIES IN TIDAL SAND-WAVES

the Dovey estuary (North Wales), and recording by daily measurements the positions of the sand ridges and furrows with reference to them, a regular change was discovered. At neap tides the sands were nearly smooth, but day by day the sand surface became more and more broken up into wave forms, and the distance from one ridge to the next increased, until the highest spring tides occurred. After this time the wave formations became less distinct tide by tide until the former condition was reached. The distance from one sand ridge to the next varies very much, of course, in different places. The smallest tidal sand-waves which Dr. Cornish has

it and lighted. Over the wood numerous large stones are placed, so as to form a kind of mound, and they are left several hours to get heated by the fire burning under them. Just before the ceremony the layer of stones at the top of the mound is removed, and the priest walks across the apparently red-hot layer beneath, followed by his disciples. Prof. Langley examined the stones, and found them to be porous basalt, which is such a bad conductor of heat that a small piece can be held in the flame of a blow-pipe without the other end getting hot, almost like a piece of sealing-wax. One end of a block of this material could

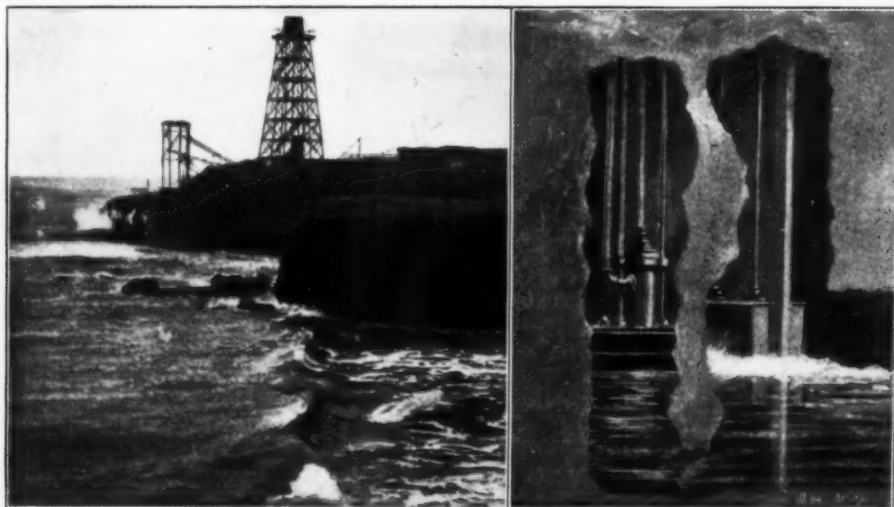
Fire-walking in Tahiti

REPORTS of fire-walking ceremonies, in which the ministrants pass unharmed through fiery furnaces, or undergo the ordeal by fire unscorched, have often been made. Mr. Andrew Lang has collected evidence from a large number of witnesses of the ceremony in various parts of the world, and he has asked anthropologists to compare these reports with those recorded by early writers, and to discover, if possible, the explanation of the apparently unnatural phenomena. Professor S. P. Langley has now done this for the fire-ceremony in Tahiti, and his report, published in *Nature*, disposes of the idea that the priests, like the mythical salamander, can remain in a fire without being burnt. For the purpose of the fire-walk ceremony a large pit is dug, and bundles of wood are put in

Science and Discovery

therefore be red-hot, while the other end was comparatively cool, and in this fact lies the explanation of the fire-walking ceremony. The layer of stones upon which the priest and his disciples walked was not red-hot, but only appeared so on account of the reflection of the flames leaping out from the mound. The priest would not, when asked, place his foot even for a few seconds between two of the stones which were really red-hot, and could be seen glowing at the bottom of the pile, nor would he take hold of a small red-hot stone. Additional support is given to Prof. Langley's explanation by the fact that the ceremony failed on an island near Tahiti, where stones of a marble-like character were used. These stones are much better conductors of heat than basalt, and all of them would become red-hot if heated for a few hours.

the other. These wells are open to the ocean at the bottom, and are deep enough to contain water even at ebb tide. In the foremost well there is a float which rises and falls between vertical guides as the swells of the sea outside raise or lower the water level. The float is suspended from one end of a balanced beam, and the other end is connected with the plunger of a force-pump working in a long pump-barrel in the second well. When the float rises, the plunger sinks in its barrel and its down stroke forces seawater into a 5000-gallon tank raised to a height of sixty feet on the bank above, from whence it runs to tanks along the country roads for miles around and is used for road watering. In ordinary weather the pump fills the tank in about one hour. The pump has been in operation for four years without getting out of order,



WAVE-MOTOR AT SANTA CRUZ

Prof. Langley concludes his account of the exhibition by saying: "It was a most clever and interesting piece of savage magic, but from the evidence I have given I am obliged to say (almost regretfully) that it was not a miracle."

A Pumping-Engine driven by Sea Power

At Santa Cruz, California, a pumping-engine driven by sea-waves is in practical operation, and it is so simple in construction that there seems no reason why similar use should not be made of wave motion around some parts of the British coast. The accompanying picture from the *Scientific American* gives a general view of the machinery and a diagram of the pumping parts. Two wells, eight and five feet in diameter respectively, are sunk in the cliff, one behind

thus demonstrating that a practical and efficient wave-motor can be constructed.

Eruptions on the Sun

In the latest report of the Smithsonian Institution Dr. S. P. Langley gives a striking photograph, here reproduced, of several large flames projected from the body of the sun during the total eclipse observed in America a short time ago. The picture is part of one taken with a camera having a length equivalent to forty-five yards, and projecting an image of the sun fifteen inches in diameter upon the photographic plate. The dark curved edge in the accompanying illustration is the edge of the moon, and the flames seen rising from the luminous sun behind are from fifteen thousand to fifty thousand miles high. It is not often that photographs are obtained showing solar



PHOTOGRAPH OF SOLAR FLAMES

eruptions in such imposing magnitude and detail.

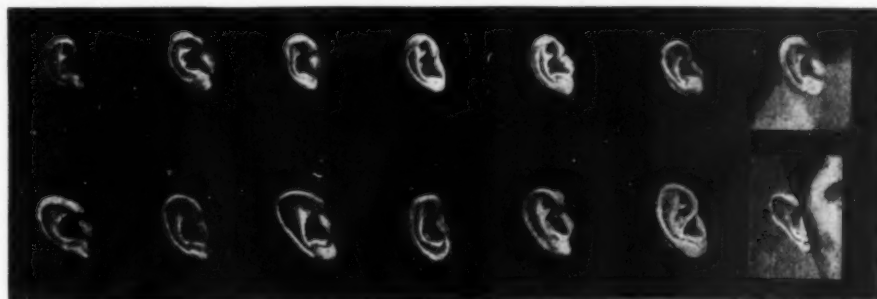
Why Hair turns White

ALTHOUGH the fact of hair turning white is a most familiar one, the reason for the change has only recently been discovered by Professor E. Metchnikoff and described at a meeting of the Royal Society. It is generally known that the colour of hair depends upon the presence of minute pigment granules in it. The grey hair of old age is due to the loss of pigment, but why this loss should take place has not been clearly understood. Examination of hair in various stages of whitening has shown Professor Metchnikoff that the change is due to the action of certain wandering cells which make their way out from the central shaft of the hair to the layer containing the pigment

Thus, hair turning white in a few days may be explained by the increased activity of hair phagocytes, which enabled them to absorb the pigment of the hair in so short a time. It follows also that anything which will prevent these cells from absorbing the pigment, or reduce their activity, will prevent hair from losing its colour.

Shapes of Human Ears

DR. ARTHUR KEITH, who has studied the formation of the ears of thousands of people of different characters, races and positions, has recently published an account of his investigations and results. Broadly speaking, there are two types of human ear: one of these is what the writer of fiction describes as "a beautifully-modelled, small shell-like ear," while the other is the large, expansive ear which stands out from the side of the head. Examples of the first of these two types are shown in the upper row of figures accompanying this note, and of the second in the lower row. With an indifference to sentiment which the fairer sex may not appreciate, Dr. Keith describes the former as the orang type of ear, because all its features are found in the orang-outang's ear, and the latter for a similar reason is termed the chimpanzee ear. An examination of observations made in various parts of the British Isles shows that women possessing the small type of ear occur about twice as often as men. The



TYPICAL SMALL AND LARGE EARS

granules, which they in a sense devour. In hair which is turning white, these cells, or phagocytes as they are termed, are found in large numbers filled with the pigmentary matter, while in absolutely white hair there are only a few with the pigment in them and frequently none. The part played by these cells explains many curious changes in the colour of hair.

chimpanzee ear, on the other hand, occurs four or five times more frequently in men than in women. The small ear is popularly regarded as a sign of high breeding, and a little support is given to this view by the fact that five out of eight peeresses examined had ears of this type. On the other hand, of five leading lady singers only one had ears of this

Science and Discovery

shape. Criminals as a class tend to reverse the difference noted between the sexes, the small ear being found more frequently in men than women, and the large ear occurring almost as frequently in women as in men. This does not mean that men with small ears or women with large ones have a predisposition to crime, but rather that the criminal class is recruited in

undue proportion from the group of men who possess the small type of ear and of women who manifest the large type. Of course, this evidence of a relationship between some features of the human ear and mental characters is quite insufficient to admit of any practical application, but it is none the less of interest.

Varieties

Faed's Picture—"The Mitherless Bairn"

THIS celebrated picture by Thomas Faed, R.A., was exhibited in the Academy in 1855. It was purchased by Mr. Toulmin of Inverness Terrace, London, and remained in his house until his death in 1886, when it was sold at Christie's for nine hundred guineas. The purchaser was Mr. Agnew, for the Government of Victoria, Australia, and since then the picture has been in the National Gallery of Melbourne.

"Four-Square to all the Winds that Blow"

THE following appeared as from a Putney correspondent, in the *Daily News* of 1873:

"The expression 'a four-square man' is older than either Tennyson or Dante. Aristotle speaks of a man, *τετράγωνος ἀνὴρ ψόγου*, which Oxford wit used to translate, 'a regular brick'; and Plato puts in the mouth of Simonides (*Protag.* 344a) the phrase *ἀνδρα ἀγαθὸν χερσὶ τε καὶ ποσὶ καὶ νόφ τετράγωνον ἀνὴρ ψόγου τετυγμένον*, 'a good man, in hands, and feet, and mind formed four-square, without defect.'"

Sidney Cooper's "Charge at Waterloo"

MR. W. F. FIDDES, Chairman, Science and Art Committee, Corporation of Birkenhead, writes:—

"I have read with great interest the article in *The Leisure Hour* for December, by Mr. Edmund Crothers, on 'Our Veteran Painter,' Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., and I have much pleasure in informing you that the painting referred to as 'The half-past one o'clock charge at Waterloo' is the property of the Corporation of Birkenhead, the gift of John Williamson, Esq., J.P., Cloughton Grange, and adorns the dining-room of his Worship the Mayor in the Town Hall. This municipal building recently sustained considerable damage from fire, but I am happy to say the painting suffered no hurt."

Our Old Readers

A RESIDENT in Watford writes to say that he has had *The Leisure Hour* from its commencement, the first number having been given to him by his teacher at the Sunday School of Craven Chapel.

E. M. Tolfree, Lambourn Road, Clapham, has 442

had it from the beginning. She says, "I value it very highly."

R. J. Baker, Bensham Manor Road, Thornton Heath, says, "I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the interest expressed by others. I have taken in *The Leisure Hour* from the commencement."

Joseph Baker, Glenbourne, Dure, near Sheffield, commenced with the first number and has all the fifty volumes.

W. H. Kilton, Broomsthorpe Road, East Rudham, King's Lynn, from the first.

Mrs. Claremont, Bognor, since March 1852.

Thomas L. Pelling, Oxtun, from the early fifties. Sends a second copy every month to New Zealand.

Thackeray and the Royal Academy

AMONGST some old cuttings from newspapers we find the enclosed from the *Spectator* of 1858, which has interest now.

"The Bishop of Oxford spoke as the Chaplain of the Royal Academy. The health of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray was proposed, and those gentlemen answered in the order of their names. Mr. Thackeray related an anecdote of his early career current in society, but probably never mentioned in public before.

"'Had it not been for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely never have been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be, not a writer, but a painter, or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition, and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works of which I cannot mention the name, but which were coloured light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings, and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. (Laughter.) But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavoured one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances. This disappointment caused me to direct my attention to a different walk of art, and now I can only hope to be "translated" on these walls, as I have been, thanks to my talented friend, Mr. Egg.'"



WEST STREET, DURBAN, ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO

From an original drawing by the late Thomas Baines (see *Leisure Hour*, Jan. 1902, p. 244).



GENERAL VIEW, PIETERMARITZBURG, ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO

From an unpublished drawing by the African explorer, T. Baines.

Astronomical Notes for March

THE Sun is vertical over the equator about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st of this month, after which date, therefore, the days are longer and the nights shorter in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. On the 1st day of the month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 48m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 26m. and sets at 5h. 55m.; and on the 21st (the day of the vernal equinox) he rises at 6h. 4m. and sets at 6h. 13m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 10h. 39m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 2nd; becomes New at 2h. 50m. on that of the 10th; enters her First Quarter at 10h. 13m. on the night of the 16th; and becomes Full at 3h. 21m. on the morning of the 24th. She is in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, a little before 9 o'clock on the evening of the 1st; in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 8 o'clock on that of the 13th; and in apogee again at half-past 4 o'clock on that of the 29th. No eclipses, or other special

phenomena of importance, are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 17th, and will be visible in the morning during the greatest part of the month, first in the constellation Capricornus, and afterwards in Aquarius. Venus, at the beginning of the month, is at a short distance to the north-west of Mercury, but, as her apparent motion, though in the same direction as his, is slower, their mutual distance increases; she is a magnificent object in the morning, attaining her greatest brilliancy on the 21st, and entering Aquarius at the end of the month. Mars is not visible, being in conjunction with the Sun on the 29th. Jupiter and Saturn are both morning stars, the former rising about 6 o'clock in the constellation Capricornus, and the latter about 5 o'clock in Sagittarius. Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th, Mercury on that of the 8th. Throughout the month not one of the large planets will be visible in the evening.

W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Denise.—For very cheap copies of good pictures nothing better is conceivable than those sold at 6d. each by Candy and Co., Charing Cross Terminus (outside station). These are painted from originals by J. M. W. Turner, Marcus Stone, E. M. Ward, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Fred. Walker (who was, it is said, the original of "little Billee" in Du Maurier's novel), Greuze, and others. These are as a rule twelve by eighteen inches, with white margins extra. They can be framed in walnut from 1s. 6d. each. For bedrooms or other apartments in small houses nothing could be prettier or more artistic. The shilling albums of unmounted copies of masterpieces are excellent, though all pictures contained in them are not worth framing. A picture without pleasantness to recommend it is inexcusable.

Quiverful asks for suggestions regarding occupations for her young people in holiday-time. Personally I think the system which results in the present protracted holidays for school children during the winter is a very bad one. Granted that teachers require these prolonged periods of rest, there is no evidence that the children do the same. Time is inconceivably long to the young, and the compulsory idleness of the winter season, when, as a rule, outdoor occupations and amusements can only be fitfully enjoyed, must have a very detrimental effect on minds in the early stages of development. If the regular staff of teachers require three to four months' rest in the year, and this may be so, surely there is no reason why, for the pupils, the winter or spring-time should not be given over to physical training on the school premises, or to arts and crafts. The hours might be shorter than during the regular term, and devoted exclusively to manual or physical subjects. There might be some difficulty in finding teachers for holiday periods, but actual requirements usually bring their own fulfilment, and if it were known that schools would give employment to teachers of arts and crafts and of dexterity in various branches during holiday seasons, holiday-teachers would arise to meet the demand. Many accomplished people would gladly undertake this kind of instruction periodically that would not desire the same permanently. The habit of idleness is a disastrous one; almost all parents and the majority of school-boys and school-girls find the winter holidays oppressive. Young people accustomed to regular occupation for a number of hours daily—a habit that is in itself educative—being deprived of this annually at a season when nature and outdoor life do not offer an equivalent, do not know how to occupy the empty time—time which in the growing period is of incalculable importance. I fail to see why schools should not universally establish optional holi-

day classes for carpentry, fencing, dancing, wood-carving, leather-work, bookbinding, and several other practical industries likely to prove useful or a source of pleasure in after years. Doubtless there would be obstacles in the way at the start, and a proportion of objectors would be found to show that what is best, but sincerity always makes its way in the end, and the business of the intelligent is to overcome obstacles for the general good. The matter of holiday waste of time is important to the community, and parents and teachers ought to be able between them to effect better conditions for those who look to them for information and development.

Florrie A.—It depends on how much you desire to spend, and also on your estimate of the important item in your outfit. Some brides regard the personal linen as a provision for a lifetime, because the fashion in it varies so little, and make an extensive accumulation, while others, having only a limited amount of money to devote to everything required, spend an eighth or a tenth only on underclothing. If you want really beautiful things at fair prices I can recommend the dainty little establishment of Miss Mary Dickens at 190a Sloane Street, London (1st floor). Miss Dickens' "line" consists of ladies' underclothing, baby linen and blouses exclusively; everything is made under her personal supervision, and entirely by hand; work and materials alike are of the most exquisite quality. It may interest you to know that Miss Dickens is grand-daughter of the great novelist in whose works so many readers of *The Leisure Hour* are keenly interested. I have no doubt Miss Dickens would let you have an estimate of prices if you would make a list of what you require.

Ladore.—A hot dish that will keep hot for one whose work renders his hours for dinner and supper uncertain, can be made, without becoming unappetising or over-cooked, from a single thick mutton-chop or tender beefsteak, which should be treated as follows:—Cut off all the superfluous fat, add salt and pepper to taste, then flour on both sides; put into the stew-pan just enough water to enable the meat to simmer without sticking, add the meat, and stand by the side of the fire from one hour and a quarter according to size. One or two allspice improve the flavour. When required it will be found that the gravy is an excellent beef-tea, while the meat is tender and palatable. If preferred the chop can be cooked in the oven between enamelled plates. Put a tablespoonful of water into the bottom plate, lay in the chop, floured and spiced as before, cover with another plate exactly the same size, and put into a slow oven for an hour or more. When required put the top plate under the other, and serve on the plate

Women's Interests

used for cooking. This makes a capital supper dish for a belated professional or business man.

Alberta.—The following makes a cheap and very good pudding sufficient for three or four people. A quarter-pound of grated bread-crumbs, quarter-pound of butter, two ounces sugar, two table-spoonfuls raspberry-jam, two eggs well beaten. Mix the ingredients

thoroughly, put into a mould, boil for two and a half hours; turn out and serve hot, with sifted sugar strewn over.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

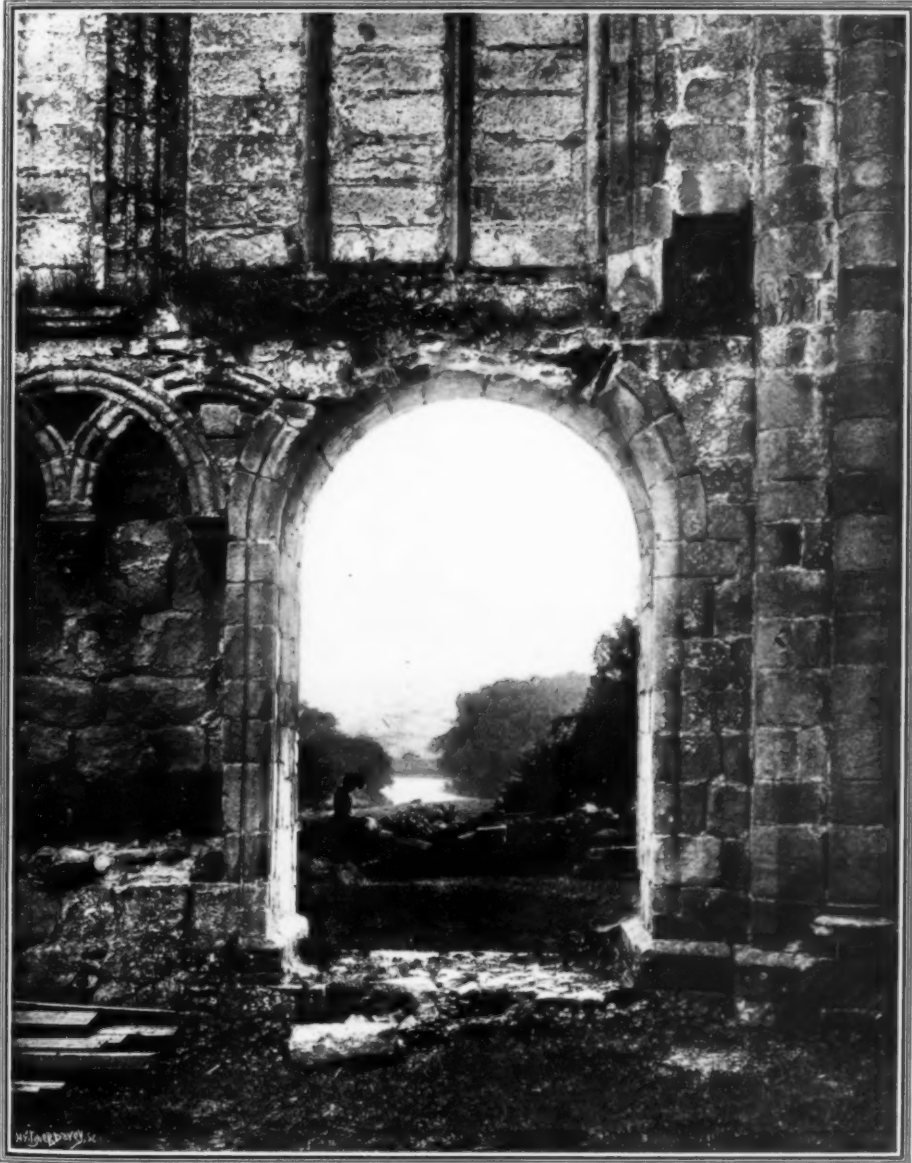


Photo by

BOLTON ABBEY

Alice H. Brown

The Fireside Club

SEARCH COMPETITION

Identifications

(CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.)

NOTICE

Owing to the increasing interest taken in this Competition, the Editor has resolved to change the conditions. TWO GUINEAS of Prize Money will now be divided every month among all those from whom correct answers are received before the 15th. Book and chanter for each answer must be given, and "Fireside Club" written outside envelope. Winners' surnames, or noms des plumes, will be printed. Precious prizetakers debarred. Editor's decision final. Private correspondence impossible.

1. Who had "a shrill voice that might have belonged to a wind in its teens"?
2. Who was "in the frequent habit of using any word that occurred to him as having a good sound . . . without much care for its meaning"?
3. Who was "fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy-book"?
4. Who warmed his hands "as benevolently as if they were somebody else's"?
5. On what occasion was the air "darkened by a shower of onions, turnips, radishes, and other vegetables"?
6. Who was "disappointed to find after half-an-hour's walking, that he hadn't had his pocket picked"?
7. Whose art required "the bringing out eyes with all one's power, and keeping down noses with all one's force, and adding to heads—and taking away teeth altogether"?
8. Whose youthful fire was all composed of sparks from the grindstone?
9. Who said, "Don't make fine play-acting speeches about bread, but earn it"?
10. Who said "If not a double swindler why a dark lantern"?
11. Who couldn't imagine "how a mother can look at her baby, and know that she lives beyond her husband's means"?
12. Where did the staring black and white letters look "like inscriptions over the graves of dead businesses"?
13. Who said "What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers"?
14. Whose wife "must be at the bottom o' a' explanations, for she says thot's the mutual confidence"?
15. What young man, "expensively educated and wretchedly paid, was expected to have more time to spare than the idlest person in the parish, and more money than the richest"?
16. What situation did "a genteel female in shepherd's plaid boots" think might suit her?
17. What dull, overreaching man never lost sight of the idea that he must not make himself too cheap?
18. What bachelor proposed marriage to an elderly lady, saying "We are too old to be single"?

19. Who said "a man of property owes a duty to other men of property, and must look sharp after his inferiors"?

20. Who nodded and winked "to find so much humanity in a tax-gatherer"?

21. From whose bed of roses had the flowers and the leaves entirely faded, "leaving him to lie upon the thorns and stalks"?

22. Who said "We used to keep such hours! Twelve, One, Two, Three o'clock was nothing to us"?

23. What lady said "I am naturally as obstinate as a pig"?

24. Who went on "like the Tragic Muse with a face-ache, in majestic corners"?

25. Who said that to docket and pigeon-hole a bill was the next thing to a receipt, and quite as satisfactory?

26. Who had a round, white visage, as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago?

27. Who, "round-eyed still, and not at all grammatical," married a miller?

28. To whom was it said "Father's more pleased to see you than if you was a customer, for he dearly loves a gossip"?

29. At whose funeral and where did the Peerage contribute "more four-wheeled affliction than had ever been seen in that neighbourhood"?

30. Who was fond of "scratching up the driest little bones of antiquity and bolting them whole"?

31. Who was fain to clasp the bridge of his nose convulsively before he could at all compose himself?

32. Who was "medalled and ribboned, and starred and crossed" like a born nobleman?

33. Where did an untidy little boy "waltz by himself in the kitchen all afternoon"?

34. Where did three raw-visaged, lank, and buttoned-up maidens dwell in an earthy cottage?

35. Who, "in a species of arithmetical desperation," alternately cudgelled his brains and his donkey?

36. Who said with great enjoyment, "The withered chaplet is perished, the column is crumbled, and the pyramid is standing upside down"?

37. Who had accepted himself with all his failings, and thought it sound philosophy to make the best of the bargain?

Awards for Identifications in January number (see page 270).—The first correct answers came from F. CHEESMAN, Stafford House, Junction Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex, and J. MACKAY FRASER, 10 Woodside, Wimbledon, Surrey, s.w., between whom the Editor divides the prize. Five other correct answers followed, and a large number incorrect in replies to questions 20, 22, 26 or 29, which proved most puzzling. The answers to these are as follows:—Question 20, The Dibabs, in *Nicholas Nickleby*; 22, The Marquis of Granby, in *Pickwick*; 26, Mr. Weller, senior, in *Pickwick*; 29, Simon Tappertit, in *Barnaby Rudge*.



THE CORRESPONDENCE MATCH

Now that we have won this match the interest wanes. There is no alteration in the score to announce, although two of the unfinished games will probably end badly for our side.

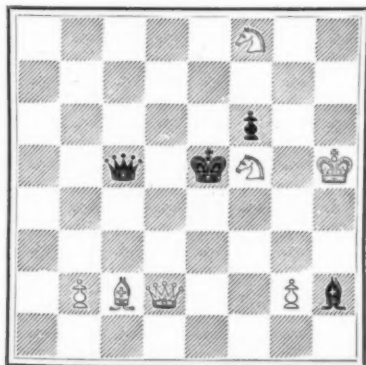
QUICK-SOLVING COMPETITION

This Competition has excited a large amount of interest, and the difference in the time taken by various solvers in solving Problem I. is exceedingly curious. As the result promises to be somewhat close we have decided to increase the number of problems to four, and to give an extra prize of **Seven Shillings and Sixpence**, which will, of course, rank as the first.

Here are the last two problems, the solutions to which must be in our hands by March 15. As before, solvers must clearly state the time taken in mastering each problem. The time taken in finding the key-move is not sufficient, as that might be discovered instantly by accident or as a likely "try."

No. 3. By C. H. HEMMING.

BLACK—4 MEN

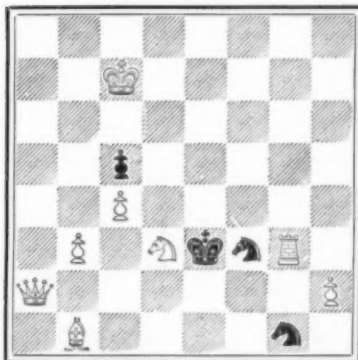


WHITE—7 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 4. By C. H. HEMMING

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

The examiners have not finished their award on the notes to the game won by Mr. Brewer in the Correspondence Match. The result will be published next month.

The **Problem Tourney** is now closed, and the first batch of the problems submitted will be published next month, forming the basis of a **New Solving Competition**. This competition will run for four or five months, and **Fifteen Guineas** in prizes will be awarded. Our chess-playing readers are asked to make this Tourney known among their friends, and otherwise to do what they can to make it a great success.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

The Leisure Hour Listeddod

RESULT OF COMPETITION 16

"MY FAVOURITE SONG."

The following five songs received the highest number of votes, in the order mentioned. We may add that "Home, sweet home" received more votes than all the other four put together.

Home, Sweet Home.
The Holy City.
The Better Land.
The Land o' the Leal.
Love's Old Sweet Song.

Among other songs which were specially recommended were: Angus Macdonald (*Rocket*); Ye Mariners of England; The Chord of Love (*Behrend*); The Absent-minded Beggar; Auld Lang Syne; I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls; The Flight of Ages; God save the King; Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon; Sing, Nightingale, Sing (by *Halfdan Kjerulf*); The Garden of Sleep; Solveig's Song (by *Spreig*); Our Lady of the Snows (*Kipling* and *Walford Davis*); Good Company (music by *Stephen Adams*).

PRIZES

Ten Prizes, Half-a-Crown each:

A. B. MIDDLETON, 70 Wake Road, Sharrow, Sheffield; (Mrs.) B. M. C. WOOD, Great Ponton Rectory, Grantham; ELLEN A. MURCH, Oakhurst, Loughton, Essex; S. A. WANDESFORDE, Osborne House, Eastbourne; MAY MAHON, 18 Duncan Road, Southsea; Miss M. B. DUFF, 13 Torry Street, Huntly, N.B.; T. W. COLE, 21 Coleford Road,

Wandsworth, S.W.; MR. GEORGE BELL, 151a Blackfriars Road, London; Miss L. B. DRUMMOND HAY, Seggieden, Perth, N.B.; REV. W. BLAKE ATKINSON, Bishopswood, Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare.

Highly Commended:

MARGARET MCGLASHAN, R. T. MILFORD, DOROTHEA BELL, JAS. CROMAR, J. WALTER, Miss GRAY (Lilliesleaf), SAMUEL WYATT, JOHN GEO. FLEET, J. J. NEVIN, ERNEST G. SMITH, Miss FRANCES WALKER, B. M. C. WOOD, Mrs. JAMES BROWNE, E. M. MOON, OLIVE CROSSE, E. T. WELLS, H. J. PARKER, W. STEVENS (Hammersmith), W. J. FLATMAN, J. A. DOWSON, Mr. A. GROSE, E. SUTTON, Mrs. CONSTANCE DAVIS, Miss ANNIE GREGORY, FLORENCE BENTON, E. H. MURCH, MARY E. JOWETT, Miss A. J. VARCOE.

A NEW COMPETITION

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

17. We offer Ten Prizes of Half-a-Crown each for the best postcards giving:

1. The name of the writer's favourite character in fiction.
2. The reasons for this choice.
3. The competitor's name and address.

RULES

1. All postcards to be addressed to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
2. The latest day for receiving postcards at this office will be March 14, 1902.



Photo by

FARMYARD PETS

R. W. Copeman